

THE ILLUSTRATED  
SPORTING & DRAMATIC  
NEWS

No. 302.—VOL. XII.

[REGISTERED FOR  
TRANSMISSION ABROAD.]

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1879.

PRICE SIXPENCE.  
By Post 6d.



MISS EMILIE PETRELLI.



MISS FOWLER IN THE PROVINCES.

NELL GWYNNE.

Miss Fowler, with a talented company, commenced a six nights' engagement at the Theatre Royal, last evening. She has built up a noble reputation as an actress in London, and her last night's performances were so successful that we have no doubt her popularity will become wide-spread during her tour through the Provinces. She was enthusiastically received by a large audience, and had not been many minutes upon the stage before a round of applause testified that she had made the best impression upon the spectators. She appeared in Mr. W. G. Wills's comedy entitled *Nell Gwynne*. The play has been specially written for Miss Fowler by Mr. Wills, and more appropriate lines and situations could not have been provided for that lady. The original "Nell Gwynne" was celebrated as an actress nearly 200 years ago, and her performances in "certain giddy parts of comedy" are described as excellent. Leigh Hunt says that she was "small in person, but very pretty, with a good-humoured face, and eyes that winked when she laughed." Another critic says that "she was a little, sprightly, fair-haired woman, with laughing blue eyes;" whilst an old stage-manager declares that she was "airy, fantastic, and sprightly; she sang, danced, and was exactly made for acting light, showy characters, filling them up as far as they went most effectively." Such was "Nell Gwynne" at the time when she was lured to the Court of Charles II., nearly 200 years ago; such is Miss Fowler, who impersonated the character of "Miss Nell" on the boards of the Royal Theatre last evening. Miss Fowler has a bewitching face, and really laughing eyes, and she made them tell in every incident of the play. Her acting was easy, graceful, and above all it was natural, whilst her elocution was not overstrained, but rather subdued and musical. Her spirits were buoyant; she seems to have studied the minutest details, and she gave to the Bradford public a charming illustration "of the better side of the nature of Nell Gwynne."—*Bradford Chronicle and Mail*.

Upon Nell Gwynne the dramatist appears to have expended his whole power and energy, and the result is one of the brightest and most animated portraits that the modern stage has given to us. The lights and shadows, tears and smiles, impulsive mischievousness and pertness, audacity and wit of the character are presented in the happiest and most artistic manner by the author, and in Miss Fowler has been found an actress who can fully interpret these fleeting moods with wonderful skill and refinement. Her dresses were something magnificent—exquisite in design and of great richness of material—and, as we have already said, she played with consummate taste, and kept the audience fascinated from first to last.—*Bradford Observer*.

Upon Miss Fowler (Nell Gwynne) hangs the whole success of the comedy, and it must be said that she does not fail to rise to the ideal which the author has created. Whether as the keen and witty Court Mistress, full of mirth and brightness, and smart repartees, or as the disguised and humble petitioner on behalf of the burdens of the rustic girls, there was a high degree of naturalness about Miss Fowler's whole impersonation that was very striking. It was a charming portrayal of a difficult character, and her playfulness of manner, full of natural animation, her caustic wit toned down with becoming grace, was sufficient to win the applause of the house at every turn of speech. The representation afforded great delight to the audience, who called Miss Fowler before the curtain at the close of each act.—*Bradford Daily Telegraph*.

Miss Fowler is an actress of considerable versatility. I hardly know whether I like her better as the blind girl in *The Two Orphans* or as the sprightly comedienne, who gives such forcible interpretation of the leading female parts of some of our favourite English plays. She opened at Bradford last Monday in *Nell Gwynne* and *Scandal*, and her acting in both pieces received the warmest approval. She is refined, graceful, artistic, natural, and never offends by over-acting, great as the temptation is in *Nell Gwynne*.—*Yorkshireman*.

Miss Fowler, the graceful and vivacious comedy actress, who will be remembered in connection with her performances during the opening week at the Grand Theatre, made her appearance at the Theatre Royal last night, in the new play by Mr. Wills, entitled *Nell Gwynne*, receiving a hearty welcome from a crowded house. The play was specially written for Miss Fowler, and it affords her an admirable opportunity for displaying her powers in comedy. Miss Fowler, looking as if she had stepped from an old canvas by Lely or Kneller, plays Nell Gwynne with rare charm and grace, succeeding in representing all the varying moods of the character. The merry badinage in the first act was given with unfailing point, and in the half-regretful, half-chaffing scenes with her old lover Miss Fowler was no less successful. The performance throughout was fresh, natural, and vivacious; the various scenes of chiding, wheedling, coaxing, and witty repartee were never allowed to flag, and the audience were under the spell of the actress throughout the entire play.—*Yorkshire Post*.

In her assumption of this difficult part (Nell Gwynne) Miss Fowler attains an excellence which it would be impossible to surpass. The grace and charm of her acting, the sweetness and vivacity of her manners, her perfect mastery of the character, and her mobile facial expression cannot be too highly extolled. Her performance of this part is, without question, a genuine masterpiece of acting.—*Leeds Daily News*.

Miss Fowler's *Nell Gwynne* is something to be seen, and long remembered with delight. There is no actress upon the English stage more fitted for this part than Miss Fowler, and from the rise of the curtain on the play it is evident that there is in store for her a certain triumph. Miss Fowler took her audience by storm, won all hearts, and secured enthusiastic praise for an embodiment which should go far to enhance her well-won reputation.—*Leeds Times*.

The leading piece each evening is *Nell Gwynne*, specially written for Miss Fowler by Mr. W. G. Wills, a talented playwright. She sustains the leading character, Nell Gwynne, with the charming grace, vivacity, and truthfulness ever associated with actresses who hold high positions in the theatrical world.—*Yorkshire Gazette*.

*Nell Gwynne* is a three-act comedy, written especially for Miss Fowler by Mr. W. G. Wills, but the character may almost be said to be a creation of her own. Throughout the play her vivacity, sparkling wit, badinage, and brilliant repartee keep the house in continual merriment. Her powers of comedy are remarkable, and the piece gives her abundant opportunity for displaying them. Mr. Waddington has, by engaging this highly successful comedienne, entitled himself to support and encouragement. The result of this, Miss Fowler's first appearance here, will, we doubt not, be to establish her as one of the few Scarborough favourites.—*Scarborough Daily Post*.

Miss Fowler, long known to Scarborough playgoers by report, appeared at the Lonsdale Theatre on Monday last, before a highly appreciative and enthusiastic audience. Miss Fowler can most assuredly use the motto, *veni! vidi! vici!* for she at once leaped right into the hearts of her audience, and by the end of the evening had fairly carried all by storm. She was most enthusiastically received in both of the pieces in which she appeared, and it was matter for consideration whether she excelled most in pathos or in her possibly more catching comedy, so excellent was she in both. What can we say of Miss Fowler's portrayal of Nell Gwynne! No praise can be too great for this delicious creation, and one may venture to affirm that Miss Fowler is the only living actress competent to grasp, both by nature and by art, the character the author has written for her. She bears a striking resemblance to the portraits of the Merry Monarch's Madcap Mistress, and her entire performance is instinct with rare wit, grace, humour, and natural intelligence. Every line falls from her lips (so pungent was her delivery) like an electric current, that appealed at once to the house, and the smart passages at arms between herself and her rival in the King's affections, the Duchess of Portsmouth, met with salvos of applause. Miss Fowler appeared in a series of most magnificent costumes, and the dresses of the company supporting her were hardly less splendid, and all, as also the appointments, were archaeologically correct.—*Scarborough Gazette*.

And a great contrast is afforded by her acting as the pretty, vivacious, and witty Nell Gwynne, in Mr. Wills's comedy. None but a lady of the most accomplished histrionic abilities could undertake such a part as the latter with any hope of success. Miss Fowler has achieved a triumphant success in it, and is deserving of the warmest eulogiums that have been bestowed upon her. The comedy of *Nell Gwynne* is full of sparkle, is pleasingly constructed, and interesting throughout.—*Hull and Eastern Counties Herald*.

About Miss Fowler's legitimate claims to the distinction she has won in the dramatic world there can be no doubt. Miss Fowler impresses every close observer with the fact that she is a thorough mistress of her art. She has every qualification for a successful actress—a good voice, a charming presence, and a fine appreciation of dramatic effect.—*Hull Packet*.

In point of dialogue *Nell Gwynne* is *par excellence*. The witty badinage, ingenious repartee, and prettily saucy language emanating from the lips of Nell are delightful in their freshness and piquancy; the triumphant retorts upon her enemies are as sharp as they are short and decisive. Miss Fowler's acting in the title rôle was marked by sprightly vivacity, grace, and appropriate gesture. The pungency with which her lines are delivered is perfection itself, her costume irreproachable, her appearance of the sweet, sweetest—*n* short, the general characteristics of the embodiment fully justify the large measure of admiration it has evoked.—*The Bellman*.

The well-earned reputation of Miss Fowler as one of the most charming and versatile actresses now on the boards—provincial or metropolitan—attracted last night a crowded audience to this Theatre. Miss Fowler received a welcome so cordial, so enthusiastic, that we are well warranted in saying (without disparagement to previous companies) that the present is the most satisfactory engagement made during the less-than-ship of Captain Gordon. For bright dialogue, quaint language and epigrammatic terseness of expression, there are few plays which equal *Nell Gwynne*. Miss Fowler is a perfect "Nell"—we can readily understand that Mr. Wills wrote this play specially for her. The varied moods of the heroine, now witty, now merry, now seriously regretting the pain she is causing poor Selwyn, are portrayed so naturally, so pointedly, that the audience are ever and anon forgetting the repeated hint that untimely applause is exceedingly bad form. We don't wonder at it; we forgot it ourselves. The merciless "chaffing" to which the Duchess is subjected in the first act, the coaxing of Selwyn, the impersonation of the "Woman from Somerset," are—what use is it enumerating—particular successes, when throughout the whole play Miss Fowler's success is evident? Lovers of the Drama have a great treat before them this week; and we feel sure they will not fail to give pleasure to themselves, and to visit the Theatre in such numbers as may induce Miss Fowler to visit us again.—*West Hartlepool Northern Evening Mail*.

THEATRES.

**LYCEUM THEATRE.**—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. HENRY IRVING.—Every evening (Wednesday excepted), at 8 o'clock, will be presented Shakespeare's Comedy of *THE MERCHANT OF VENICE*; Shylock, Mr. Irving; Messrs. Forrester, Barnes, F. Cooper, Elwood, Pinner, Forbes, Beaumont, Tyars, Johnson, C. Cooper, Carter. Mesdames Alma, Murray, Florence Terry, and Miss Ellen Terry. The scenery has been painted by Mr. Hawes Craven, Mr. H. Cuthbert, Mr. Walter Hann, and Mr. William Telbin. The incidental music specially composed by Mr. Hamilton Clarke, and will be executed by a selected choir and full orchestra. The costumes by Auguste and Co., and Mrs. Reid. Box-office open 10 till 5. *HAMLET* Wednesday next, Nov. 12, at 7.30. Stage Manager, Mr. H. J. Loveday; Acting Manager, Mr. Bram Stoker.—*LYCEUM*.

**ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.**—Mr. HARE and Mr. KENDAL, Lessees and Managers.—EVERY EVENING at 7.45, a New and Original One Act Play, by Mr. Val Prinsep, A.R.A., entitled *MONSIEUR LE DUC*, in which Mr. Hare will appear as the Duc de Richelieu; after which the highly successful Comedy, by Mr. G. W. Godfrey, *THE QUEEN'S SHILLING*. Characters by Mrs. Kendal, Miss C. Nott, Miss Kate Phillips, Mr. Kendal, Mr. Terriess, Mr. Wenman, Mr. Mackintosh, Mr. Cathcart, and Mr. Hare. Box Office hours 11.0 to 5.0. No fees.—Acting Manager, Mr. Huy.

**GAIETY THEATRE, STRAND.**—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD.—First Nights of a new burlesque by F. C. Burnand, called *ROBBING ROY*. Preceded by Mr. Byron and his powerful company, in his domestic Drama of *DAISY FARM*. Open 6.30. Operetta 7.0. Drama 7.30. Burlesque 9.30. Prices from 1s. No fees. Afternoon performances every Saturday at 2.30.

**COURT THEATRE.**—Lessee and Manager, Mr. WILSON BARRETT.—Immense Success. Every Evening, at 7.45, an original comedy, in one act, by H. A. Jones, A. CLERICAL ERROR. Mr. G. W. Anson, Mr. Dacre, Miss Emery, and Mr. Wilson Barrett. After which, at 8.30, *COURTSHIP*; or *THE THREE CASKETS*, a new and original comedy in three acts, by H. J. Byron. Characters by Messrs. Charles Coghlan, Wilson, Barrett, H. Reeves Smith, E. Price, A. Dacre, J. B. Johnstone, Lashbrook, and G. W. Anson; Mesdames Amy Roselle, Leigh Murray, Emmeline, Ormsby, and M. A. Giffard. Box-office open from 11 to 5. No fees.

**ADELPHI THEATRE.**—Sole Lessees and Managers, Messrs. A. and S. GATTI.—NICHOLAS NICKLEBY every evening at 8. Messrs. H. Neville, J. Fernandez, J. G. Taylor, E. H. Brooke, R. Pateman, F. W. Irish, and H. Vezin. Mesdames L. Foote, H. Coveney, C. Jecks, E. Duncan, E. Heffer and A. Mellon. Doors open at 6.30. *POOR PILLICODDY*, at 7. To conclude with *JESSAMY'S COURTSHIP*. Box Office open 10 to 5. No booking-fees.

**OLYMPIC THEATRE.**—Lessee, Miss FANNY JOSEPHS.

Under the direction of C. A. Drake, Esq. Every evening at 8.15, the new and successful Opera Comique in three Acts *MAHIGOLD*. Music by Leon Vasseur, libretto by Arthur Matthison, new scenery by Messrs. Gordon and Harford, new and magnificent costumes by Mrs. May, increased orchestra and numerous chorus. Principal characters by Mesdames Mulholland, Kate Sullivan, Isabelle Muncey, Fanny Edwards, &c., Messrs. Fred Wood, Arthur Rouseby, Michael Dwyer, George Mudie, &c. Preceded at 7.30 by *AFTER ALL*. Places may be secured at the Box-Office from 11 till 5 daily, and at all Libraries. Private Boxes, 1 to 3 guineas; Stalls, 10s.; Dress Circle, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Pit, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. No booking fees. Conductor, Mons. Van Biene. Two Matinees only will be given, viz., on Saturday November 15th, and Saturday, November 29th. Acting Manager and Treasurer, Mr. James Guiver.

**VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.**—56th Night of James Albery's successful comedy, *TWO ROSES*.—On Saturday next, November 8th, at 8 the celebrated Comedy in three acts, written by James Albery, entitled *TWO ROSES* (45th and following nights). Every Evening at 7.30, *HOME FOR HOME*. Concluding with *OUR DOMESTICS*, by F. Hay. Supported by Messrs. Henry Howe, Thomas Thorne, W. Herbert, Garthorne, Bradbury, Austin, L. Fredericks, Hargraves, and David James; Mesdames Illington, Bishop, Telbin, Palmer, Richards, Larkin, &c. Acting-Manager, Mr. D. McKay.

**PRINCESS'S THEATRE.**—Manager, Mr. WALTER GOOCH.—Every evening at 7.45, *DRINK*—a complete success. Mr. Charles Warner as Coupeau in the New Sensational Drama, "DRINK," by Charles Reade. 140th night. Preceded at 7 by *LOCKED-OUT*.

**CRITERION THEATRE.**—Lessee and Manager, Mr. CHAS. WYNDHAM.—BETSY, another genuine Criterion success. Every Evening, at 9, in three acts, adapted from the French of MM. Hennequin and Najac, authors of "The Pink Dominoes," by F. C. Burnand, Esq., entitled *BETSY*, in which Messrs. H. Standing, A. Maltby, Lytton Sothorn, George Giddens, and W. J. Hill, Mesdames Lottie Venne, Mary Rorke, A. Edgeworth, Maude Taylor, Fleury, and Stephens will appear. Preceded by, at 8, *JILTED*, by A. Maltby. Doors open at 7.30, commence at 8.

**DUKE'S THEATRE, HOLBORN.**—Managers.—Messrs. HOLT and WILMOT.—EVERY EVENING at 8, *NEW BABYLON*, by Paul Meritt. Patronised by T.R.H. the Prince and Princess of Wales. Box-office open daily. No charge for booking.

**ROYALTY THEATRE.**—Lessee and Manager, Mr. EDGAR BRUCE.—CRUTCH AND TOOTHPICK, and VENUS. Great success. Roars of laughter. Crowded houses. Reappearance of Mr. Edgar Bruce as Guy Devereux. Doors open at 7.0. Performance will commence at 7.30 with *MEM. 7*; followed by the enormously successful comedy, *CRUTCH AND TOOTHPICK*, by Geo. R. Sims; at 10, *VENUS*. Music by E. Solomon. Messrs. Edgar Bruce, Charles Groves, H. Astley, H. Saker, Sam Wilkinson, F. Desmond; Mesdames Nelly Bromley, Edith Blande, Marie Williams, Hastings, Phoebe Don, Vane, Ward, Braham, Carlin, Rose Cullen, &c.; and chorus. No booking fees. Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. George Keogh.

**FOLLY THEATRE.**—Lessee and Manager, Mr. J. L. TOOLE.—Mr. J. L. TOOLE, after an absence of eighteen months from London, will make his FIRST APPEARANCE in this Theatre on MONDAY EVENING, Nov. 17, in the most successful Comic Drama, in Three Acts, by Henry J. Byron, called *A FOOL AND HIS MONEY*, and the Farce of *ICI ON PARLE FRANCAIS*, in both of which he will sustain his Original Characters of Chawles and Spriggins (for a limited number of nights). Early in December will be produced a New Comedy, in Three Acts, entitled *THE UPPER CRUST*, written by Henry J. Byron.

Negotiations are pending for New and Original Comedies and Farces by Messrs. W. S. Gilbert, F. C. Burnand, James Albery, Sydney Grundy, R. Jephson, R. Reece, and Herman Merivale.

During the time the Theatre has been closed Mr. Toole has availed himself of the opportunity of having the Theatre thoroughly cleaned and made comfortable, the Upper Boxes and Pit re-seated, upholstered, and enlarged. There will be a SERIES of SATURDAY MORNING PERFORMANCES, when will be presented the Comedies, Dramas, and Farces with which Mr. Toole's name has been so successfully associated, including "Paul Pry," "Dot," "Artful Cards," "Dearer than Life," "Off the Line," "Uncle Dick's Darling," "Domestic Economy," "The Steeplechase," "Our Clerks," "Bardell v. Pickwick," "The Birthplace of Podgers," &c. The names of the Company comprise well known and popular artists, and new aspirants for histrionic fame. Box-office now open. Prices from One Shilling to Three Guineas. No fees for booking. Further particulars will be duly announced.

**NEW SADIERS WELLS.**—ROB ROY every evening at 7.30. New Sadler's Wells has wide staircases, excellent ventilation, and comfortable seats in every part of the house. Prices from 7s. 6d. to 6d. No restrictions as to evening dress. Doors Open at 7. Performance concludes about 10.30. Box Office open daily under the direction of Mr. W. Charman. Places can be booked at all the Libraries.

**NEW GRECIAN THEATRE.**—Proprietor, Mr. T. G. CLARK.—On Monday and during the week, a new drama by Paul Meritt and Henry Pettitt, entitled *THE BREAD WINNER*; or, *THE WORSHIP OF BACCHUS*. Messrs. James Sennett, Dobell, Symms, Monkhouse, Parker, &c.; Mesdames Vyrner, Victor, Denver, Nellie Clark, &c. Conclude Monday, Tuesday, Friday, and Saturday, with *THE DEATH WARRANT*. Wednesday, AN OLD MAN'S DARLING. Thursday, BELPHEGOR. FIREWORKS on MONDAY NIGHT.

EVANS'S, COVENT GARDEN.

OPEN AT EIGHT.

Glees, Choruses, Madrigals and Part Songs by EVANS'S CHOIR Conducted by Mr. F. JONGHMANS.

The body of the Hall is reserved exclusively for Gentlemen.

SUPPERS AFTER THE THEATRES.

ADMISSION 2s.

Proprietor ... .. J. B. AMOR.

**NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE,** Bishopsgate.—Proprietors and Managers, Messrs. JOHN and RICHARD DOUGLASS.—Engagement for Six Nights only, Miss Sarah Thorne's Flying Scud Company. Nat Gosling, Mr. George Thorne. On Monday, Nov. 10, and following evenings, at 7.45, *FLYING SCUD*, by Dion Boucicault. Messrs. George Thorne, E. Hallows, George Earl Willis; Mesdames Hatherly, Kate Kearney, May, Helen Mayne, and Margaret Soulbey. All the original effects. The Derby Day, Calais Sands. Preceded at 7.15 by A CAMERA OBSCURA. Monday, Nov. 24, the celebrated opera of CARMEN.

**BRITANNIA THEATRE, HOXTON.**—Sole Proprietress—Mrs. S. LANE.—EVERY EVENING at a quarter to Seven, *THE BIGGLESWADE CARRIER*. Mrs. S. Lane; Messrs. J. B. Howe, Newbound, Evans, Towers, Lewis, Drayton, Hyde, Pitt, Mills; Mlles. Adams, Bellair, Pettifer. After which Miscellaneous Entertainments by TOM SAYERS, Miss BESSIE BELLWOOD, MASON and COLLINS. Concluding with YAROMER THE YAGER. Messrs. Reynolds, Charlton, Bigwood, Reeve, Payne; Mlles. Brewer, Summers, Rayner, and Newham.

**CANTERBURY.**—A New Entertainment, entitled *THE PERI OF PERU*. The Ballet invented and arranged by M Dewinne. Miss Nelly Power, supported by Mlles. Alice Holt, A. Guzzi, Broughton, Powell, and the Corps de Ballet.

**CANTERBURY THEATRE OF VARIETIES.**—Under Royal Patronage.—Best entertainment in the world. Variety Artistes, at 8. *PERI OF PERU* at 9. Dr. Carver at 10.30. Prices 6d. to £2 2s.

**DR. CARVER**, the great American Marksman.—EXTRAORDINARY SHOOTING while riding full speed on Winnemucca. "Nothing more wonderful of the kind has ever been done with a rifle."—*Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*.

**THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY'S GARDENS,** Regent's Park, are OPEN Daily (except Sundays), from 9.0 a.m. to Sunset. Admission 1s.; on Monday, 6d.; children always 6d.

**MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT,** ST. GEORGE'S HALL, LANGHAM PLACE, *THE PIRATE'S HOME*, a New First Part, after which A QUIET VISIT, by Mr. Corney Grain; concluding with *BACK FROM INDIA*.—Evening Performances every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 8. Morning Performances every Thursday and Saturday, at 3.—Admission, 1s. and 2s.; Stalls, 3s. and 5s.

**THE SIXTH GRAND ANNUAL FANCY DRESS POLO AND UNITED COUNTIES HUNT BALL**, under the auspices of the International Gun and Polo Club, and Most Noble and Distinguished Patronage, will be held at the ROYAL PAVILION, BRIGHTON, on WEDNESDAY, November 26th. The whole suite of rooms will be elaborately and beautifully decorated. Tickets only issued on the production of a voucher signed by a Lady Patroness, Steward, or Member of the Club, of whom a list and full particulars will be sent on application to the Secretary, at 173, Piccadilly. The INTERNATIONAL PROMENADE CONCERT takes place in the Dome the following afternoon.

**ROYAL AQUARIUM, WESTMINSTER.**—Open from 11 a.m. till 11 p.m. Universally acknowledged to be a wonderful Shillingsworth. Always something new. 3.15. GRAND VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT. 6.0. RECITAL ON GREAT ORGAN—Mr. J. HALLE. 8.0. AQUARIUM POPULAR PROMENADE CONCERT. 9.5. SECOND GRAND VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT. Attractions the Whole Day. PAUL MARTINETTI'S RENOWNED TROUPE, TWICE DAILY. The Refined and Elegant Variety Entertainment, which is given twice daily at the Royal Aquarium, embraces the marvellous performance of Mr. Paul Martinetti as the Ape, a performance universally acknowledged to be a genuine Triumph. The Feature of the Season. FARINOT'S FRIENDLY ZULUS. Gigantic success. AQUARIUM DEPARTMENT.—Finest collection of Marine Animals in Europe; 150 different Species. Thousands of living specimens. Admission One Shilling.

BILLIARDS.

**ROYAL AQUARIUM.** FIRST GRAND BILLIARD TOURNAMENT OF THE SEASON, commencing MONDAY, November 17, and continued on the 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, and 24. PRIZES, VALUE £50. Heats, 500 up, on an ordinary table. The following celebrated professional players will compete:—Joseph Bennett, ex-champion, London; George Collins, London; Fred Bennet, London; D. Richards, London; J. Roberts, Senr., Manchester; G. Hunt, London; J. Lloyd, London; W. Mitchell, Leeds. Reserved Seats, 2s. and 3s. Commencing daily at 3 and 8 o'clock.

THE HOLBORN RESTAURANT, 218, HIGH HOLBORN.

ONE OF THE SIGHTS AND ONE OF THE COMFORTS OF LONDON. Attractions of the Chief Parisian Establishments, with the quiet and order essential to English Customs.

Dinners and Luncheons from Daily Bill of Fare.

THE FAMOUS TABLE D'HOTE DINNER,

At Separate Tables, every evening, in the Grand Salon, the Prince's Salon, and the Duke's Salon, from 6 to 8.30, 3s. 6d.

Including Two SOUPS, Two kinds of Fish, Two Entrees, Joints, Sweets, Cheese (in variety), Salad, &c., with Ices and Dessert.

This favourite Dinner is accompanied by a Concert of high-class Instrumental Music, under the direction of Mr. Augustus L. Tamplin.

BLAIR ATHOL.

A FEW PROOFS ON FINE PLATE PAPER OF BLAIR ATHOL,

DRAWN BY

JOHN STURGESS,

Double-page size, price Two Shillings, may be had on application to the Publisher, 148, STRAND, W.C.

**THE LATE MR. PHELPS**, as "DR. CANTWELL," drawn from life by Matt. Stretch. A few proof copies on plate paper may be had, price One Shilling each, by post 1s. 1d. Apply to the Publisher, 148, Strand, London

**BOMBAY.—ANCHOR LINE** from LIVERPOOL DIRECT.—Regular Sailings via SUEZ CANAL. First-class Passenger Steamers, fitted up expressly for the trade. Qualified Surgeons and Stewards carried.

	From Glasgow.	From Liverpool.
TRINACRIA.....	Sailed.....	Sailed.....
INDIA.....	Saturday, Nov. 8.....	Wednesday, Nov. 12.....
ITALIA.....	Nov. 20.....	Dec. 3.....

First-class, Fifty Guineas. Apply for berths, or handbooks, to Henderson Brothers, Union-street, Glasgow, and 17, Water-street, Liverpool; J. W. Jones, Chapel-walk, Manchester; Grindlay & Co., 55, Parliament-street, S.W.; or to Henderson Brothers, 19, Leadenhall-street, London, E.C.



RAILWAYS.

LONDON & NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

SHREWSBURY RACES, NOVEMBER 11th, 12th, and 13th.

Special Express Trains for Shrewsbury will LEAVE EUSTON STATION, LONDON, at 2.50 and 4.0 p.m., on MONDAY, November 10th, reaching Shrewsbury at 6.55 and 8.15 p.m. respectively.

Express Trains for Shrewsbury will leave London as follows:—

	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	Noon.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
Euston .....	dep.	5.15	7.30	9.0	12.10	2.50	3.0	4.0 5.15
Shrewsbury .....	arr.	9.53	12.2	1.50	5.0	6.55	7.55	8.15 9.55

A. Special Expresses Monday, November 10th, only.

On THURSDAY, November 13th (the last day of the Races):—

A Special Express Train for Euston Station, London, will leave Shrewsbury at 5.0 p.m., arriving in London at 9.10 p.m.

Fast and Express Trains from Shrewsbury to London:—

	a.m.	a.m.	Noon.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
Shrewsbury .....	dep.	7.45	10.20	12.45	2.45	5.0	5.35 10.8
Euston .....	arr.	12.50	3.15	5.30	8.0	9.10	10.20 4.30

B. Special Express Thursday, November 13th, only.

G. FINDLAY.

Chief Traffic Manager's Office,  
Euston Station, London, October, 1879.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

SHREWSBURY RACES, NOV. 11th, 12th, and 13th.

On MONDAY, NOVEMBER 10th, a SPECIAL FAST EXPRESS TRAIN for SHREWSBURY (1st, 2nd, and 3rd class) will leave PADDINGTON at 3.25, and Westbourne Park at 3.30 p.m., reaching Shrewsbury at 7.45 p.m. The train will call at Oxford, Birmingham, and Wellington only.

On THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 13th, the last day of the meeting, a SPECIAL EXPRESS TRAIN for LONDON will leave Shrewsbury at 4.50 p.m., and reach Paddington at 8.55 p.m. The train will call at Leamington, Oxford, and Westbourne Park only.

Fast ordinary trains leave PADDINGTON for SHREWSBURY at 5.30 and 10 a.m., and 12.50, 3.30, and 6.30 p.m.; and Shrewsbury for PADDINGTON at 8.35 and 10.37 a.m. and 1.55 and 5.58 p.m.

For further particulars see Special Bills.

J. GRIERSON, General Manager.

SCHWEITZER'S  
COCOATINA.

Anti-Dyspeptic Cocoa or Chocolate Powder.

Guaranteed pure Soluble Cocoa of the Finest Quality, with the excess of fat extracted.

THE FACULTY pronounce it "the most nutritious, perfectly digestible beverage for Breakfast, Luncheon, or Supper, and invaluable for Invalids and Children." Highly commended by the entire Medical Press.

Being without Sugar, Spice, or other admixture, it suits all palates, keeps better in all climates, and is four times the strength of Cocos thickened yet weakened with Starch, &c., and really cheaper. Made with boiling water, a teaspoonful to a Breakfast Cup, costing less than a halfpenny. In tin packets at 1s. 6d., 8s., 6s. 6d., &c. By Chemists and Grocers.

Cocoatina a la Vanille

Is the most delicate, digestible, cheapest Vanilla Chocolate, and may be taken when richer chocolate is prohibited.

H. SCHWEITZER and Co., 10, Adam-street, Adelphi, W.C.

CONTENTS.			
	PAGE.		PAGE.
Aquatic Nobblers .....	186	Our Captious Critic .....	18
Circular Notes, by Rapier .....	171	Drama .....	18
Our Illustrations .....	174	Past Racing .....	18
Famous Players of the Past .....	175	Answers to Correspondents .....	18
By-the-Bye .....	177	Reviews .....	18
Music .....	178	Magazines .....	18
Correspondence .....	178	Chess .....	19
Turkana .....	179	Veterinarian .....	19
Cricket, &c. ....	179		

THE ILLUSTRATED  
Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1879.

CIRCULAR NOTES.

IN days of yore, when lively young men used to imitate poor Buckstone—or try to do so according to their ability—the famous comedian went home from the theatre after the performance on a certain occasion, when his street door had been painted a brilliant colour and grained to represent what oak would have been if the enthusiastic painter had been called upon to make designs for the trees of the forest. The paint was not dry; and to Mr. Buckstone's horror, he found reclining against the door a slumbering gentleman, not nearly so sober as a gentleman ought to be. Buckstone shook him violently, and observing the impression of elbows and shoulders on the paint, let out at the intruder: "How dare you, sir, go to sleep in my doorway, sir? Get up directly and go home! You ought to be ashamed of yourself! Look what you've done. Do you suppose I have my door painted for drunken rascals like you to lean against. Get out of my doorway directly, or else I'll call a policeman!" The man staggered to his feet, gazed at the irate comedian without recognising him, and observed contemptuously, "Well! I call that an uncommon bad imitation. 'Taint a bit like!" and he lurched down the street, never suspecting that it was not an imitation of Buckstone, but Buckstone himself.

AMERICA is the land of "champions." Champion scullers, walkers, trotters, &c., are numerous; and among the products appears to be the champion scoundrel, in the person of a certain Mr. C. A. Byrne, editor of the *New York Dramatic News*. This is strong language; but if the account of Mr. Byrne's conduct, which is now before me, were fit for publication, I am sure readers would say that, strong as it may be, the epithet is too weak to do justice to Mr. Byrne. In these days of easy communication between England and America there is much in common between the theatrical interests of the two countries. A good many English actors cross the Atlantic and our American cousins return the compliment. I have been asked, therefore, to warn all and sundry against Mr. Byrne and his *Dramatic News*. If performers are praised, it may be safely inferred that that they have paid Mr. Byrne so much. If they are abused, it means that they have refused to submit to Mr. Byrne's impudent extortion. It is well that these little facts should be ventilated. In the improbable event of any readers caring to have details of Mr. Byrne's eminently disgraceful career, I beg to refer them to an American paper of high position, entitled the *New York Mirror*.

ALTHOUGH the story has been the round of several papers in the north of England, it is so pleasant, and so eminently creditable to all concerned, that I cannot resist the temptation of giving it a place in these columns; the more so as it contains what will be to many people a novel piece of information:—"A farmer called on the late Earl Fitzwilliam to represent that his crop of wheat had been seriously injured in a field adjoining a certain wood where his lordship's hounds had during the winter frequently met to hunt. He stated that the young wheat had been so cut up and destroyed that in some parts he could not hope for any produce. 'Well, my friend,' said the earl, 'I am aware that we have frequently met in that field, and that we have done considerable injury; and if you can procure an estimate of the loss you have sustained, I will repay you.' The farmer replied that, anticipating his lordship's consideration and kindness, he had requested a friend to assist him in estimating the damage, and they thought that, as the crop seemed entirely destroyed, £50 would not more than repay him. The earl immediately gave him the money. As the harvest approached, however, the wheat grew, and in those parts of the field which were the most trampled the corn was strongest and most luxuriant. The farmer went again to his lordship, and, being introduced, said, 'I am come, my lord, respecting the field of wheat adjoining such a wood.' Lord Fitzwilliam immediately recollected the circumstance. 'Well, my friend, did not I allow you sufficient to remunerate you for your loss?' 'Yes, my lord, but I find that I have sustained no loss at all, for where the horses had most cut up the land, the crop is most promising, and therefore I have brought the £50 back again.' 'Ah,' exclaimed the venerable earl, 'this is what I like: this is as it should be between man and man.' He then entered into conversation with the farmer, asking him several questions about his family, how many children, and what was the age of each. His lordship then went into another room, and on returning gave the farmer a cheque for £100, saying, 'Take care of this, and when your eldest son shall become of age present it to him, and tell him the occasion which produced it.' Thus, while meeting an honourable act with a generous return, Lord Fitzwilliam at the same time adopted a most effectual means of transmitting a lesson of integrity to another age and stamping the deed with his approbation."

OF November, Mr. Mortimer Collins writes:—

Now nobler grows the sirloin of the ox,  
As autumn fields grow mistier and moister;  
And dainty, fit to tempt a nun from cloister,  
November for the epicure unlocks  
The secret of the truffle. Strasburg shocks  
Humanity with foies. Who love to royster  
Know well that plumper, sweeter grows the oyster:  
While for fierce, hungry followers of the fox,  
Who love a mighty joint of the ancient sort,  
Washed down with mighty gulps of ancient port,  
After a rapid run, a royal revel—  
For them the solid splendour of the beef;  
Capon and pheasant yield a light relief;  
And turkey's thighs are now just fit to devil.

THE story of Macready violently shaking a ladder fastened to the wall, and cursing, *sotto voce*, before going on the stage for the third act of *The Merchant of Venice*, in order to work himself up to the requisite pitch of fury is related by Mr. George Henry Lewes in his book "On Actors and Acting." "I have heard Mme. Vestris tell a similar story of Liston, whom she overheard cursing and spluttering to himself as he stood at the side scene, waiting to go on in a scene of comic rage," the writer says.

IT is, no doubt, extremely difficult for an actor to assume the appearance of furious anger on a sudden. The most astoundingly real semblance of rage I ever saw on the stage was Mr. Irving in the churchyard scene in *Hamlet*. I have stood at the wing many times to watch the great actor's face while he delivers the speech to Laertes, and never without being amazed at the wonderful power displayed. Mr. Irving's voice sometimes fails him in these outbursts of fury, but the expression of his features in this scene is grand. The pupils of his eyes absolutely seem to dilate with scornful rage.

THE Viennese appreciation of music differs, I fancy, from the English. A Vienna paper publishes a list of the sums paid to Herr Wagner as percentages on the receipts of his operas at the Imperial Opera House; and the various members of the *Nibelungen* seem to be estimated at a value which is precisely opposite to the value placed upon them by the majority of the English critics who were at Bayreuth. I was there during the performances of the first series, writing accounts of the presentations for a London paper, and can therefore speak with some knowledge of the facts. The percentages were:—For the *Twilight of the Gods* (*Götterdämmerung*), 230fl. 27kr.; for *Rheingold*, 190fl. 25kr.; for the *Walküre*, 183fl. 77kr.; for *Siegfried*, 128fl. 74kr. The *Götterdämmerung* I thought terribly dreary, Wotan's interminable recitations being peculiarly distressing, and the most powerful and impressive act in the whole tetralogy seemed to many of us the second act—the Forest Scene—of *Siegfried*. I well remember the effect created by this on Sir Julius Benedict, who is far from a Wagnerite, but confessed to me, as we strolled about the terrace before the theatre after the glorious Forest symphony had been played, that it had deeply moved him. The absurd pantomime dragon is the weak part of the affair. As we travelled to Bayreuth, M. Albert Wolff, of the French *Figaro*, started a joke to the effect that the dragon's head was lost. If the whole beast had been mislaid the scene would have been immensely strengthened. That *Siegfried* should be so much behind the *Götterdämmerung* in popularity seems inexplicable.

THE dullest portion of a paper is usually the "facetta column." The *Australasian*, however, is an exception to the general rule, and there is decidedly a rough humour about some of its stories, as, for instance, that of the prudent and candid Boston lady. The bridegroom was timid,

and he had married a lady whose weight verges close upon 200 pounds. "My dear," said he to her, "shall I help you over the fence?" "No," said she to him, "help the fence." Here is the story of the man who had been criticised. "He came out of a Texas newspaper office, with one eye gouged out, his nose spread all over his face, and one of his ears chewed off; and replied to a policeman who interviewed him: 'I didn't like an article that 'peared in the paper last week, and I went to see the man who writ it, an' he war there.'" The remorseful thief is also good. "A short time ago a Danbury man had 40 dollars stolen from him. The thief was subsequently struck with remorse, and sent back 20 dollars, with a note to the effect that as soon as he felt more remorse he would send back the rest." And, if with a slight tendency to vulgarity, these lines on an ethereal maiden are singularly expressive:—

An ethereal maiden called Maud  
Was suspected of being a fraud.  
Scarce a crumb was she able  
To eat at the table—  
But in the back pantry . . . O Lawd!

IT appears that it is not precisely accurate for "Atlas" to speak of Frascuelo as "the *torero* whom all Madrid escorted the other day to his grave." The *torero* is like Jack Robinson in the ballad, not dead at all, and still has personal command over the fortune of close upon £80,000, exclusive of a fine mansion in the Spanish capital, several houses at Seville, and a quantity of diamonds. Of the latter "Atlas" continues, one set of buttons alone, with which he was presented by the ex-Queen Isabella at the close of a *funcion real*, is worth £1,800. I wonder whether Frascuelo has ever had these stones examined by a competent authority. And I wonder for this reason. Some relatives of a friend of mine, ladies of Scotch extraction, were for a time attached to the Court of the ex-Queen. She presented them with some very splendid-looking diamonds, and after the ladies left Madrid they made up their minds to sell the jewels. For this purpose they were taken to a jeweller, who looked at them carefully and declared that they were false. There was no doubt about it: imitations they were, beautifully made, but imitations still. The ladies are absolutely positive that the Queen herself was deceived and could not have known the truth. She had been swindled by some enterprising jeweller. Possibly he may have sold her the diamonds that were presented to Frascuelo, and, if so, they are worth less than £1,800.

ON the subject of a note in the last number, X. Y. Z. writes as follows:—

"In your issue of November 1 there is an article upon the subject of 'Horses' Teeth' and Mr. Henry Leffler, a horses' dentist. It is advisable to have a horse's teeth examined occasionally by a veterinary surgeon. If the mouth of a horse is held open by means of a balling-iron, and the finger passed along the edges of the grinders, it will be sometimes found that they are sharp. This is in consequence of one side of the teeth having become worn away by the frequent attrition of the oats, &c. It was the case with my own horse a year and a half ago, and the sharp edges of the teeth were filed down a little by the veterinary surgeon. The file used for the purpose was slightly curved at the sides. If the sharp edges, or points, on the horse's grinders had been allowed to remain they would have probably hurt his tongue or cheeks. If the oats are bruised before being given to horses the attrition is perhaps lessened."

The files used, not by all, but by many, veterinary surgeons are constructed on a wrong principle, and the difficulty of using them is great. Just as it is almost impossible to strike a billiard ball with perfect accuracy without making a bridge, so it is almost impossible, Mr. Leffler claims, to perform the delicate operation of filing a horse's teeth without a rest for the file; and he begins operations by placing his left hand in the horse's mouth and working as it were on a bridge made by the juncture of the thumb and forefinger.

RAPER.

M. RIVIERE asks the public to suspend their judgment on the issues which have arisen between Mrs. Weldon and himself. On all points, except M. Riviere's wisdom in mixing himself up with Mrs. Weldon at all, the public will doubtless do what he wishes.

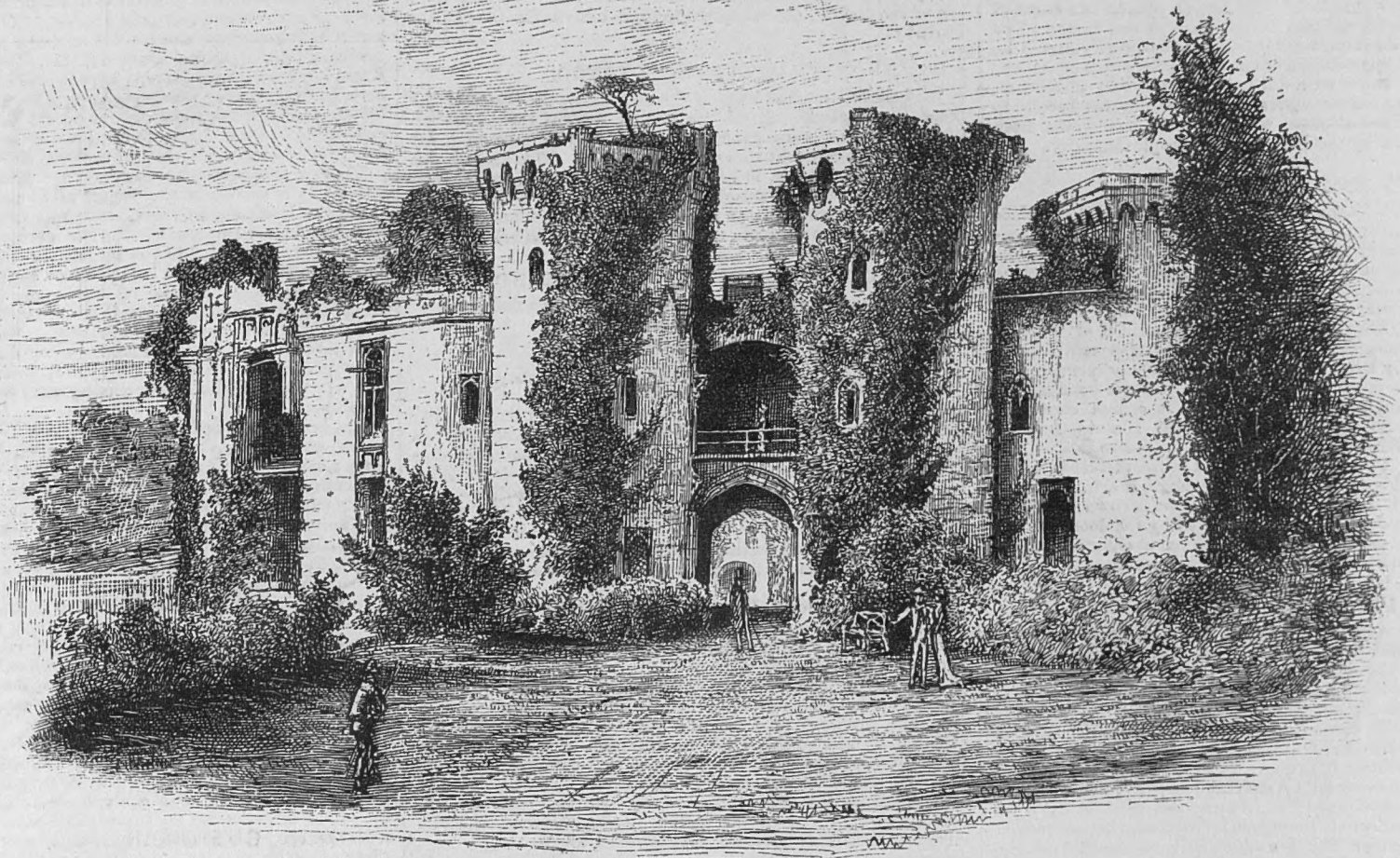
MR. CURRANS and his stage manager, Mr. Osborne, have started for Paris and the Continent to make arrangements for a new production at the Royal Connaught Theatre.

MME. PATTI is staying at the Hôtel Bedford, in the Rue de l'Arcade. She comes from her retreat in Wales. She crossed the Channel last Saturday, and the sea, by way of showing attention to the diva, became suddenly calm on the occasion. It is now six years since she has been at Paris, except as a passing visitor. The Parisians, therefore, are very anxious to know whether she has changed or not since they last saw her. No! She is the same. The hardness of her mouth has, perhaps, become a little more marked, and her chin indicates more self-will than ever. The charm of her smile and expression remains as winning as ever. La Patti is very anxious about the reception the Parisians will give her. The noble faubourg, she says, is still sapped by the old prejudices against artists. Her situation has become very delicate, and she has to stand on the defensive. She thinks that she has been spied and *surveillé* ever since her arrival by the family of the Marquis de C. In signing a treaty with Mr. Merelli she burned her ships. She is waiting for the result. She seems to count on success disarming the wrath of certain persons. Miracles might take place. *Enfin*—well, we cannot say any more, unless it be that Patti feels that she misses Paris and that Paris misses her. Let us hope that it will not be for long. Patti is now thirty-six years of age, as is proven by the baptismal certificate published by the *Figaro*. Here is a translation: "Certificate of birth of Adèle-Jeanne-Marie Patti, born at Madrid, 6, rue du Friencarral, and baptised at the parish church of Saint-Louis, Register of baptisms no. 42, p. 153, verso. In the town of Madrid, district and province of the same name, April 8, 1843, I, don Joseph Losada, vicar of the parish of Saint-Louis, solemnly baptised a female child born at four o'clock of the afternoon of the 10 February of the present year, legitimate child of Mr. Salvator Patti, professor of music, born at Catania in Sicily, and of Mme. Catherine Chiesa, born at Rome, the paternal grandparents being Mr. Peter Patti and Mme. Conception Marino, natives of Catania, and the maternal Mr. John Chiesa, born at Venice, and Mme. Louise Carelli, born at Marino, in the Pontifical States. To the child were given the names Adèle-Jeanne-Marie." Then follow the witnesses.—*The Parisian*.









Raglan Castle. - Grand Entrance. (Near Monmouth.)



Ch. Enrood on the Wye

Wanderings by the Wye -  
by A. H. Wall

C. New Weir



Martin's Tower - Chynton Castle



## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## MISS PETRELLI.

MISS PETRELLI's theatrical career has so far been very short, but she has done so well that we have pleasure in placing her in our gallery. For some time the young lady has been known as a concert singer, and when a Josephine was required for the performance of *H.M.S. Pinafore* at the Olympic, it was thought that Miss Petrelli had sufficient ability to justify her engagement. The result proved that the supposition was correct. She sang Mr. Sullivan's always agreeable, and frequently dramatic, music with a nice appreciation of the necessities of the character, and acted, not of course with finished skill, but very pleasantly. Miss Petrelli has a career before her if she devotes herself to her profession. The likeness, we may add, is engraved from a photograph taken by the London Stereoscopic Company.

## SCENE FROM "DUTY."

There are those who maintain that the stage is not the place for telling stories, but for the development of character, a questionable theory, which, however, is not without strenuous supporters. As a matter of fact, except in the case of opera where the music sometimes saves a ridiculous libretto, the plot is the backbone of the piece, and if this be weak the play runs a good chance of coming to grief. *Duty*, at the Prince of Wales's, has much to recommend it. The dialogue is crisp and telling, and at times really witty; the piece is admirably played, and has specially done much to advance Mr. Conway's reputation; but the story is unpleasant, and therefore it cannot be ranked as a Prince of Wales success. Possibly the absence from the cast of Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft may have helped to shorten the career of *Duty*. The scene represented in the picture is where the hero, to save his mother from the shock of hearing that her husband had been false to her, takes the sin upon his own shoulders. The cause of the mischief stands affrighted by the doorway, the girl to whom he is engaged falls senseless on a chair at hearing his declaration, and the others hasten to her assistance.

## FINAL INSTRUCTIONS.

The important moment is near at hand, some of the competitors have left the paddock, the last two are coming out, and the jockey on the favourite is bending down to hear the "final instructions"—to come along a cracker all the way, or keep well back and come from the distance, as the case may be. The good horse pricks his ears as if he heard his name being shouted in the ring, for offers to lay six to four against him are being bawled with deafening iteration. It was a custom of the late Lord Glasgow to be very angry with his jockeys sometimes after a race, because they did not "come away and win" at the point his lordship had indicated; though as it frequently happened that the animal in question had been hopelessly outpaced from the start, the unfortunate rider could have supplied an admirable excuse had the owner been in the mood to receive it. We may hope that the gentleman whose emphatic fore finger is helping to make plain his words will be more reasonable if by any ill-chance this prove one of the many races in which the horse disappoints the expectations of the stable.

## THE FINE ARTS IN YORKSHIRE.

AMONG the many very excellent and praiseworthy efforts to encourage art among the masses of the people, the Fine Art and Industrial Exhibition at York, which is announced to close on Saturday, the 8th inst., may certainly claim to be one of the most successful and complete. It is situated on a part of the site formerly occupied by the Abbey of St. Mary, and immediately contiguous to the ruins. The front building is in the Italian style of architecture, having a frontage of 104 feet and a depth of 120 feet. Immediately on the right hand on entering the Central Hall beyond, a spacious staircase leads to the Grand Picture Saloon, 100 feet by 29, appropriated to modern pictures, and on the north side are two galleries occupied by pictures of the old masters, and a suite of rooms on the south side devoted to water colours, drawings, engravings, &c. Passing from the Central Hall, you enter the Great Exhibition Hall, which is 200 feet by 90 feet, having galleries round three sides. The annexe for the machinery is 190 feet by 130 feet.

During the six months that it has been open it has been visited by all classes of society, and has recently been honoured by visits from their Royal Highnesses Prince Leopold and the Duke of Cambridge. The arrangements throughout have been most successfully carried out, and every care taken to make the various attractions connected with it suit the tastes of all comers. Very delightful musical entertainments have been given in the evening, and conversaziones, &c., on special occasions. The accompanying sketches were taken on one of the many days when excursion trains from various parts of the country have brought in their hundreds of rustic and wondering admirers, and some of whom evidently find it harder work "doing the fine arts" than following the plough.

We greatly hope that the exhibition which has been such a great success in bringing such an excellent collection of art before the masses of the people, may also have proved equally successful from a pecuniary point of view.

## ANGLING ON THE AWE.

THE Awe is one of the grandest little rivers in the Western Highlands. Flowing out of Loch Awe, it rushes in one splendid succession of brown, foaming falls through the dark Pass of Brander, into Loch Etive, the fairest, perhaps, of Scotland's salt-water lochs. The resistless little stream abounds in all that can gladden the patient follower of the fly or the heartless tiler with the murderous lob-worm. There is abundance of sport throughout the season, sometimes from March, always from June, until the close days come, with the floods and frosts of chill October. Salmon which turn the balance at twenty pounds, sea-trout, plentiful in number and splendidly game, yellow trout and grisel to fill up the corners of the bag, are here, as poor Artemus Ward would say, in "endless profusion." Up among the hills, which overshadow the lochs, and which are themselves overshadowed by the mountains, up from the rushing river, across antique moss-grown bridges spanning noisy torrents, and by winding shady ways, is the solitary village of Taynuilt, with its solitary hotel. A good hotel as all Scotch hotels are, and not a monstrously dear hotel as Scotch hotels go. Here after dinner, of which salmon outlets and venison haunch form two of the not least appetising dishes, when the candles are lighted, and the big blonde-bearded keeper lounges in to discuss to-morrow's programme and a wee drap of veritable "Long John" from Ben Nevis, with that delightful deliberation and rich rolling of r's characteristic of his honest race, are shown the splendid speckled-silver trophies of the combined rods. The coach with its four or five horses has, perhaps, just brought a corresponding number of passengers from Oban, down on the west coast, or from Dalmally away at the head of Loch Awe. The fresh and eager "rods" are gloating over the gleaming victims, and drinking in the talk of things done and things to be achieved with a feverish

excitement that is all the salmon-slayer's own. They will go down to-morrow from this Argyllshire village to the brown stream that froths and foams among the great boulders, and falls in yellow cataracts in its fierce onward course, through the lone and fearsome pass of Brander, to the sea. The sport will probably be good, may possibly be indifferent, but will not be bad. No river has better or surer "baskets" than the Awe.

By next season the new line connecting Dalmally with Oban, and passing through Taynuilt, will be running. It will form one of the most of the many picturesque bits on the Caledonian Railway.

P. L.

## AN AUSTRALIAN DINGO.

We believe that this dingo is the only living specimen of the breed in England. It is the fervent wish of the Australian squatter that he were equally scarce in his native country, for the dingo is a constant source of annoyance. This animal, the property of Mr. Amor, is two and a half years old, and accepts opportunities of doing mischief with every token of satisfaction. He will gladly worry sheep when the chance is offered him, and is altogether more valuable as a curiosity than a friend.

## ALL HALLOW EVE IN IRELAND.

ILLUSTRATIVE OF SOME OF THE POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS PERTAINING TO THE TIME.

On Hallowmas Eve, ere ye've gone to rest,  
Ever bewaire thatte yr couche be blessed;  
Sign itte wythe cross, and sain itte wythe beade,  
Sing the Ave, and saye the Crede.

THOUGH Bonnie Scotland bears away the bells from all other countries for strict observance of the charms and superstitions of "Snap Apple Night," yet the rites and witcheries peculiar to that festive occasion being somewhat similar in Green Erin, I trust I may be pardoned—as the season is here with us—if I make essay to give my English readers some faint idea of the spells and incantations, clearly ancient Druidical memorials, as well as the sports and pastimes, that, on this witching Eve, make bright many a farmer's fireside on the other side the "silver strip of sea."

Supper being done, and the utensils cleared away in the kitchen of some "strong" farmer's house, the hearth is cleanly swept over, and the turf sods piled high on the fire, until it assumes almost gigantic dimensions; then one by one the neighbours come dropping in with a cheery "God save all here!" from the older folk, and a merry nod or sly bantering remark from the younger, until at last quite a goodly company is assembled. The vanithee, or good woman of the house, now rising from her seat, and being dressed in Sunday attire for the occasion, retires for a moment to what is termed an upper room, though still on the ground floor of the building, and returns, accompanied by one of the maids, bearing between them an enormous skeed or sieve of rosy-cheeked apples, while some other female member of the family lifts in a crock of nuts, brown and beautiful as nuts should ever appear at such seasonable time. These at first being handed around ceremoniously amongst the visitors, and a brew of good whisky punch circulated by the hands of the farmer himself through the elders, who generally sit coshering by the fire, the evening's sports may be said to commence, when some tall, strapping young fellow at the far end of the apartment affixes by means of a string to one of the collar beams a rude horizontal cross of wattle, sharpened at the ends, and bearing on its alternate points plump, jolly-looking apples, and bits of lighted candle-ends. This apparatus being hung about breast high, it is set swinging around, and then the champions enter the list beneath the admiring eyes of their sweethearts. A great, hulking farm youth, with health glowing in every feature, setting his hands on his knees, and stooping low, bites at the apple as it swings whirling past his laughing teeth, but, alas! for him, his laughter is soon changed to a shriek of pain, when he catches, instead of the juicy apple, within the cavity of his mouth a noisome and burning candle-butt; while the lookers-on almost scream with mirth at his misfortune.

But the attention of the spectators is soon drawn away from here, for in the centre of another little knot a lump of a "boy" has placed a rush-bottomed chair, back upwards, and kneeling thereon, divested of his coatmore, he essays to snatch with his mouth an apple placed on the extreme end in a tempting but treacherous position; for, alack and well-a-day, this feat evens by the chair tilting over, and the luckless performer coming prone on his nose to the hard earthen floor beneath, his disaster being always the signal for another uproarious guffaw. This trick is oftentimes made more risky by a pail of water being placed immediately beneath the chair end whereon lies the apple.

Another favourite sport of the night is what is termed diving for apples. A large tub, filled to the brim with water, is placed on chairs in the centre of the kitchen, and a couple of luscious looking apples are set afloat within. Then some adventurous "gosssoon" making bare his neck and chest, and placing his hands behind him, stoops laughing over, and bobs open-mouthed at the tempting fruit so near; but this, like "Will o' the Wisp" of the fable, ever evading him, he generally winds up by toppling over into the tub, whence he arises like a river god, dripping and miserable; but yet with chattering teeth endeavouring to keep up the illusion that he too is enjoying the sport to which he has so sheepishly contributed. This feat is made still more tempting to some of the impecunious of the guests by placing a shilling or a sixpence at the bottom of the tub, which coin is seldom if ever lifted by the diver.

And now the fun goes fast and furious. Perhaps a stray fiddler may have chanced to come the way, and, if so, then hurroo for the light heart and the light heels. Then, while all eyes are otherwise engaged, some meek-eyed maiden will slip quietly to the fire, and taking two nuts from her bosom, will, secretly naming one after the lad of her choice and the other after herself, set them together in the red embers. If they burn gently out it denotes the courtship will have a happy termination; but if one of them or both start violently away, anything but matrimony will be the ending of the acquaintanceship; and, preposterous as it may seem, many a gentle girl that, like Shakespeare's heroine,

—never told her love,  
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,  
Feed on her damask cheek,

has gone to her home half broken-hearted from the result of her night's nut-burning.

Close by the fire, too, and superintended by some garrulous crone, there can always be seen an anxious circle who endeavour to snatch some of the secrets of destiny by pouring molten lead through the ring of a doorway into a tub or basin of water; then whatever fantastic shape the lead assumes in cooling is read forth by the beldame, and listened to and accepted as the teachings of a sibyl. Or, perhaps, the same old dame stands directing the awful charm worked by four plates being placed on a table—one containing clay, one a ring, one water, and one salt. To this the aspirant is led blindfold, when, putting forth his or her hand, if it meets the clay it denotes speedy death and the grave; if the ring, marriage with a widow or widower; if salt, future wealth; and if water, that the marriage will be with some one connected with the sea.

While these are in full blast, others of the girls, after whispering together, steal out unperceived to cut cabbages, the stalk of which, being crooked or straight, denotes the beauty or ugliness of the future husband or wife; or they go—but this must be done alone and at the witching hour of midnight—to the nearest churchyard, or, if no churchyard be within range, then to the nearest lime-kiln, and tossing a ball of worsted over, begin winding it in until some one catches the end; then is asked, "Who holds?" And the one allotted as husband or wife answers in their own recognised voice. (This is one of the most awful of the charms, and has led in many instances to death or madness. That poetical dramatist, Mr. W. G. Wills, has introduced it into one of his plays, where it proved most effective). Or they go to a running stream, where three townlands meet, and dipping the left sleeve of the innermost garment three times, return home and hang the article to dry, when the future husband or wife will come and turn the sleeve at the fire.

There is another lonely charm, called eating the apple at the glass. It is worked thus: you go all alone to some room where there is a looking-glass, and, setting down the light, you comb out your hair with one hand while eating an apple from the other: the one decreed to you by fate looks over your shoulders while you eat, or you can bring him or her more readily to your side by throwing the peel of the apple in strips over your shoulders, whispering the magic name three distinct times.

By taking three handfuls of rye, and, stealing out alone, sowing it over the nearest ploughed land, against the wind, then calling your true love as many times as you have handfuls of the corn, you will perceive him or her coming after you and in the act of reaping.

The last of the lonely charms of which I have knowledge is going out into the hay-yard, and quite unperceived fathoming with your arms the first corn stack you find, when, at the third fathoming, you will grasp in your arms the form of the one you love; but you must be very careful, as it is in this feat the malignity of the Phooka is oftenest experienced, and this is the night he is known to appear in all the devilry of his glory.

Whether the Phooka appears to you as a horse or a bull, for he takes both shapes, his great object is to get you for a rider. This he best achieves at the fathoming of the stack. Then woe betide you, for he takes you over precipices, rivers, rocks, seas—all are alike to him—and heedless of your cries, and only guided by his own wicked will, he sets you down only when his malevolence is satisfied: a being ruined and broken in health and spirits, and doomed only to mope out as a maniac the short remnant of your days.

And now comes the witching time for dreaming,—when the guests having taken their final departure. All the foul water in the house being cast outside the door, the maids seek their pillows to dream, and to dream only, and this they secure by the aid of the all-powerful ivy leaves, and yarrow, which they take with them to place beneath their heads, muttering the incantation as they lie to rest:—

Good morrow, good yarrow, good morrow to thee;  
Tell me by to-morrow whom my true love's to be.  
Let him come to me in the land of dreams  
Such as just now on the earth he seems.  
Let me see him and know his voice, that I  
May learn if I am to smile or to sigh.  
God speed ye, good yarrow, till morning's first beams,  
Now, lover, light lover, oh! come to my dreams.

And so ends the witching night of Hallowmas; or so it ever used to end in dear old Ireland.

M. F.

## THE LATE MR. JOHN BALDWIN BUCKSTONE.

It is with feelings of genuine sadness that we record the death of the veteran dramatist and actor, Mr. J. B. Buckstone, a feeling intensified by the recent perusal of paragraphs and brief articles thereon written in that flippant, coarse, half-jocular, vulgarly familiar, although not intentionally offensive style, which some of our journalistic contemporaries mistake for smartness or cleverness.

On the 14th of September last Mr. Buckstone reached his seventy-eighth year, and on the last day of last month he ceased to exist. His health has been so completely broken for so many months that the sad event was no surprise to his mourning family; and he had ceased to appear upon the stage so long that his loss is a matter of comparatively little interest to those younger playgoers and dramatic critics who never saw him in the full zenith of his popularity and power. Mr. Buckstone died at his residence Bell-green Lodge, Lower Sydenham, early on Friday morning, released at once from the wearisomeness of helpless old age, the corroding miseries of sickness, and extreme poverty's terrible cares and anxieties. More than one hundred and fifty plays—dramas, farces, and comedies—all more or less successful, emanated from his pen. His theatrical career commenced nearly sixty years ago. For forty years he was professionally connected with the Haymarket Theatre, of which he was for twenty-three years a most successful and prosperous manager. During that time no actor appeared upon the boards with greater certainty and regularity. In all those years he worked with unflagging industry on the stage and in the study for the delight and amusement of the public. As master and treasurer of the General Theatrical Fund—on which he at last became a pensioner, he gave his able and valuable services for years with cheerful alacrity. As one of the founders and honorary treasurers of that unfortunate and now defunct charity, the Woking Dramatic College, his time and energies were freely and generously expended. In his time he had seen many great histrionic changes and revolutions. He played with Edmund Kean, who first prophesied his success in London, and with his son Charles, whose career he witnessed to its close. He acted with the elder Charles Mathews, whose son's and namesake's death he lived to mourn as that of an old friend. He played with Elliston, Dowton, Harley, Charles Kemble, Keeley, Macready, Liston, T. P. Cooke, Helen Faucit (who happily is still alive), Mrs. Glover, Mrs. Nisbet, Mme. Vestris, Mrs. Frederick Yates, and a long list of other vanished dramatic celebrities, who united the players of the past century with those of the present down to the second generation. A long life and a remarkable career, to find, alas! so pitiable an ending.

As a manager Mr. Buckstone won the kindly feeling and respect of all whom he employed. Mr. Sothern, his successor at the Haymarket, once expressed his faith in the poor old gentleman's honourable character, strict integrity, and unsuspecting character, by saying, "During my connection with him of nearly fourteen years there has never been a scrap of paper between us." As an actor his success was wonderful, and he won it fairly by hard work and patient endurance in that cruel provincial school of adversity and trial, which, in his young days, was almost the only portal to the London stage. Years of obscurity and study developed and ripened that extraordinary power over an audience, which was once likened to a throng of invisible strings passing from the finger-ends of the actor into the very hearts and souls of his audience, moving them as he would, almost without their consciousness. His very presence on the stage was the signal for delight-expressing laughter. As Mr. Sothern said some years ago, "His personal magnetism was simply wonderful."

Mr. J. B. Buckstone was born in the year 1820, on the 14th of September, at Hoxton. While he was yet a child his father



retired from business and went to reside in the then pleasantly rural suburb of Walworth, between which place and the next village, Camberwell, was a school, at which his son John received a fairly good, plain education and developed that innate love of fun and mischief, which became so unruly and troublesome that at last it was determined to send him to sea. This idea was not, however, acted upon, and eventually he was articulated to a solicitor as clerk.

In the village of Peckham, now a rapidly extending part of the great metropolis, then quite out in the country, celebrated for quakers and schools, there existed a theatre under the management of an actor named Morton. From Camberwell to Peckham was a very pretty and favourite walk, and the theatre was a great attraction. Young Buckstone knew it well, and to it he owed the inspiration and ambition which prompted him to write his first play. He was under seventeen years of age when that first effort was taken to Mr. Morton, whose verdict was a favourable one. Although the Peckham Theatre has been described as having been originally a barn or cow-house, the remains of a manger occupying one side of it to the last, it was a place of some pretension, at which players of no little repute did not think it beneath their dignity to appear. Mr. Watkins Burroughs, then a popular tragedian, of whom the critics of his time spoke highly, played there as well as at the larger London and principal provincial theatres, and when mainly through his recommendation, the youth Buckstone, then author of two tragedies and a comedy, was permitted to make his appearance on the stage, the late Mr. Walter Donaldson, as he tells us in his "Recollections," was himself (playing old men's parts) there, as was also Mr. Tyrone Power, who was engaged for tragedy and light comedy. Mr. Buckstone made his first appearance on the occasion of Mr. Burroughs's benefit, as Captain Aubrey in the old drama of *The Dog of Montargis*. The dresser gave him a hussar's busby with which to effect a soldierly appearance; the opening of this being much too large, had to be decreased by means of wedges of paper thickly folded. Wearing this comfortable contrivance, Buckstone made his debut, and was progressing favourably, when in the full tide of a fiery speech, accompanied with vigorous action, the paper became dislodged, the busby fell over his head upon his shoulders, and he had to be extricated from this ridiculous position amid roars of laughter from the audience. "However," said Buckstone, when telling the story, "I went on, and killed my man, as I had murdered the author before!"

Becoming discontented with the minor parts assigned him at Peckham, Mr. Buckstone determined to essay some higher flights in tragedy even if he paid for the privilege.

In those days there existed a theatre in Catherine-street, famous for its amateur performances, and amongst the most famous of its theatrical supporters was the afterwards great actor, Mr. R. Young. There Buckstone played Iago to Young's Othello. There was also a club of amateur actors at Newington Butts, which Buckstone joined, playing with them at a little theatre in Young's auction rooms, in Francis-street. There he first essayed comedy. Pursuing this course, "Little John," as he was sportively called, terribly neglected his duties at the office. Declarations declared his blundering, leases were drawn full of terrible blunders, bills of costs contained direful errors, and he was often absent from his desk for days. Out of his neglect arose all sorts of evils, to avoid which, and the reproaches of his employer, relatives, and friends, Buckstone at last took a desperate step. One Sunday morning he left London abruptly, and joined a strolling company in Berkshire, to which his friend Burroughs had introduced him, as "walking gentleman," on what was known as "sharing" terms—terms which often resulted in a poor, penniless, starving actor's receiving a few ends of burnt candles as his sole share of the evening's profit.

The family were at church when he ran away, and were for some time ignorant of his whereabouts.

He made his first appearance with his new friends at the little market town of Wokingham, in the Forest, thirty-two miles away from his home, playing Gabriel in *The Children in the Wood*, and probably in the ancient Town Hall, which was then standing. This was in the year 1821.

From this, the lowest rung of the great histrionic ladder, Mr. Buckstone took his next step upward as "walking gentleman" in a theatrical company of more important standing—one having a "circuit," that is to say, a company of a less vagrant-like, itinerant description, travelling regularly from one particular town to another, and usually consisting of eighteen or twenty persons—ten or twelve male and eight female. The company he then joined paid its leading lady and gentleman, more or less irregularly, each one guinea per week, and visited, in turn, Hastings, Faversham, Eastbourne, Rye, Folkestone, and Tenterden, Hastings being the most important, and that in which the actors usually received the greatest encouragement. And now, at last, poor young Buckstone felt that his histrionic bark was fairly launched. He was an actor. And bitterly enough he often paid for the privilege of calling himself by that much-abused and contemptuously-regarded title.

Amongst his dear delights were a nightly change in the performance involving the daily study of some new part, the managerial and customary expenses of the walking gentleman's having and keeping an extensive theatrical wardrobe—it being the main part of his business to look well-dressed—the proprietorship of feathers, hats, ruffs, collars, boots, shoes, sandals, swords and daggers, belts, fleshings, breeches, a pair of light white pantaloons, wigs, gloves, buckles, and small articles of personal adornment—all classed under the name of "properties," and all costing money for washing, repairing, and not unfrequently renewing. Another delight was the expense of travelling when necessity did not compel the journey to be made on foot.

In one of his speeches delivered at a festival dinner of the Theatrical Fund some years ago, Mr. Buckstone told the story of his walking up to London from Northampton with a companion and a joint fortune of ninepence. The company had been unlucky, the magistrate of the locality refusing to license their performance, consequently it was resolved to dissolve, each going his or her own way. For this, alas! was but the culminating stroke of a series of unlucky efforts.

The company, before separating, called a meeting. They had no money—wanted food. Buckstone was deputed to wait upon the magistrate, and describe to him the wretchedness of their position. The local Sir Oracle heard the piteous tale unmoved. All he could do for the poor vagrant men and women he would do. He could give them honest work as stone-breakers on the roads.

Buckstone, speaking for his friends, declined to accept the stones for bread. Those present laughed heartily as the narrator gravely, and with a look of introspective sadness not generally observed (it was very funny, doubtless), described his wearing a pair of clay-stained "white ducks" and a threadbare whitey-blue coat with tarnished metal buttons. This was secured down the front to conceal the flowered waistcoat of glazed chintz which he wore when playing country boys and singing comic songs between the pieces. He was homeward bound on that occasion, and trudged seventy-two miles in two days with his comrade in misfortune. He was shod during the first portion of the journey with a pair of dancing pumps tied up at the heel, and at the finish in a pair of theatrical russet boots. On the

first night he and his companion slept in one of those wayside refuges called "lodging-houses for travellers," for which accommodation they paid twopence each. In the dusk of evening he found himself and friend at the Old Red Cap Inn in Camden Town, where they expended their last penny in the purchase of a half-pint of porter.

Buckstone then made his way to the house of his aunt, a kindly woman, who seems to have played a part for which women are usually cast, that of a man's good angel.

Our portrait of the late Mr. Buckstone is from a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.

(To be concluded in our next.)

#### WANDERINGS BY THE WYE.

FOR romantic and picturesque scenery, ruined abbeys, castles, and other interesting antiquarian relics the artist can find no more prolific ground than exists in the dell of the Wye. Down in that great rocky hollow; amidst thickly wooded hills and broken ground, the river winds its serpentine course, now leaping with foam and spray into deep rocky halls, now rushing through narrow stone channels, now widening out into lake-like dimensions—always wildly beautiful. The rocks, clothed in mosses and lichens of varied hues and otherwise adorned with shrubs and pendant foliage, or rising grey and bare and fantastically shaped above the tops of the trees, aid the effect wonderfully. Little hillside churches, chapels, villas, old bridges, mills, and great forges, lighting with a fiery-glow the evening mists, add new charms to the river scenery; while ruined castles and abbeys give it grandeur and poetical suggestiveness. It is, moreover, a place pregnant with historical and traditional lore.

Some of the grandest scenery exists at a place called New Weir, famous of old amongst salmon fishers, and deriving its name from the weir or water-gate introduced in 1642, by Sir Richard Sutton, who is said to have also introduced clover and sainfoin. At this place rocky crags abound in infinite variety, weather-worn and full of holes, stained and changed into the most eccentric and quaintly suggestive shapes—domes and arches, pinnacles, and towers, caves and mystic clefts—hanging wood and deep rich green meadows and amphitheatres of trees rising one above another, vary the beauties of this most delightful locality.

Following the river to Monmouth we reach the Castle, where Henry the Fifth, Shakespeare's favourite monarch, hero, and warrior, was born, and in pursuing it beyond there we find at last the far-famed grand old ruins of once mighty Tintern Abbey, which has been made so familiar to us all, in paintings, engravings, and photographs innumerable. Pursuing its ever-changing course it leaves behind its wild rocky hollows and precipices to flow amidst grassy and wide-spreading woodland slopes. At Tintern, Fielding the novelist once resided. If it should be evening when you stand amidst the hoary relics of this ancient ruin, the solemnity of the hour may well call up solemn thoughts.

In such a place as this, at such an hour,  
If aught of ancestry can be believed,  
Descending angels have conversed with man  
And told the secrets of the world unknown.

Still pursuing the course of the Wye, the scenery growing wilder and more romantic as we travel, we come at last to Chepstow, where the chief object claiming attention is the Castle, built by William, son of Osborn, whose father was William the Conqueror's dapifer or chief steward. It had originally sixteen strong towers, in one of which was imprisoned Martin, the patriot or regicide, who signed the warrant for the murder or execution of Charles I., and who was mercifully condemned to imprisonment for life in this old castle, instead of partaking in the cruel death so remorselessly inflicted upon his fellows of the Great Rebellion.

Beyond this point our artist's present group of sketches does not extend.

**CARTER'S ROYAL METROPOLITAN ROOT SHOW.**—This interesting agricultural competition will take place at the Agricultural Hall on Friday, the 21st of November. Several hundred guineas (in money or cups) are offered as prizes to customers of Messrs. Carter, for roots grown under any cultivation, for single specimens, for collections of vegetables, potatoes, and onions, for roots grown on sewage farms, &c. Notwithstanding the bad season, Messrs. Carter have reason to anticipate an excellent show.

**SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.**—As Exeter Hall will not be available for musical purposes after October next, this Society has announced a final series of concerts in Exeter Hall, and has issued a very interesting prospectus for the coming season, comprising an excellent selection of works from the Society's repertoire. The forty-eighth season will commence on Friday, December 5th, when Handel's *Judas Maccabeus* will be performed. Next in order will be the ante-Christmas performance of the *Messiah*. The first concert in the new year will be on January 16, when Rossini's grand work, *Moses in Egypt*, will be given: following this comes Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise* and Spohr's *Last Judgment*, a combination which must give general satisfaction. *Elijah* and *St. Paul* are to be heard during the season, also Haydn's *Creation* and Costa's *Eli*. The final performance will consist of Handel's grand choral work, *Israel in Egypt*. The names of the following eminent artistes appear in the list of principal vocalists:—Messdames Sherrington, Anna Williams, Osgood, and Emma Thursby (sopranos), Patey, Julia Elton, and Enriquez (contraltos); Messrs. Rigby, Cummings, Maas, and Lloyd (tenors), Santley, Lewis Thomas, Bridson, and Chaplin Henry (basses). The orchestra will, as heretofore, consist of the leading members of the profession, under the distinguished guidance of Sir Michael Costa, the society's able conductor. Mr. Willing again presides at the organ. Under the exceptional circumstances of these performances every possible effort will be made to render them specially memorable in the history of music, no less than in that of the Society itself by their uniform excellence in every department.

**THE PRESERVATION OF BUTTER.**—The discovery, patented by the Aylesbury Dairy Company, of a method of preserving butter in a state of perfect freshness is of the first importance. The ridiculously high price charged in many foreign countries for the concoction which passes under the name of butter is only too well known to travellers. Military men and others who are accustomed to luxuries at home feel the absence of so primary a necessity as decent butter, or rather have felt; for if they experience it for the future it will be their own fault. For three months a cask of butter, prepared by the new plan, was laid by at the Aylesbury Dairy. No sort of care was taken of it; but at the expiration of three months the cask was opened, and the butter found to be as fresh as when first made. What is still more strange is the fact that after exposure to the air for a couple of days it had rather improved than otherwise. Temperature will not affect the preparation, it is confidently asserted; and thus the best and purest butter can be sent to all quarters of the earth, and sent, moreover, at a reasonable price.

**DAYLIGHT IN WAREHOUSES.**—Chappuis' Reflectors, —69, Fleet-street.—[ADVT.]

#### FAMOUS PLAYERS OF THE PAST.

By A. H. WALL.

CHARLES MATHEWS THE ELDER.

(Continued from page 148.)

UNFORTUNATE little Charley's next attempts at mimicry were devoted to the peculiarities of his parents' pious visitors, and on such occasions his father would perforce give up his gravity, and look on with a face dimpled into delight as he chuckled at his "little dog's impudence." Brother Hill and Brother Durant, and a huge-wigged old brother, known as Daddy Berridge, who preached all but universal damnation to those who flocked to hear him at the old Tabernacle in Tottenham Court-road, were amongst those whom he most triumphantly mimicked. But while he mocked he believed. The child's mind was strongly impressed with the truth of the horrible creed his father professed. He says of himself, "I was, between the ages of eight and thirteen, as complete a little bigot as ever was begotten by gloom, envy, and spleen, a thorough-going melancholy fanatic in embryo. My charity was that of the fraternity, for I not only believed in fire and torments being prepared for all who were not of 'the elect,' but most devoutly hoped it; and I think it fair to infer, if the doctrines which I heard produced this species of feeling in my mind, that such must always be their effect on the ignorant and uneducated."

About this time the above belief was illustrated forcibly. Mathews fell in love for the first time with a little saint named Chater, ogling her whenever they met, and playing to her on his mournful flute. But one day he was discovered by the enraged and pious parent inducing his daughter to play an accompaniment for him to a song on her pianoforte. Overwhelmed with horror at the shocking wickedness of this daring outrage, the father—he was a blacksmith—cried out: "Keep your devil's toons to yourself, you young varmin! don't come 'ere with your Beelzebub's jigs. None o' Satan's 'ymns 'ere; take 'em to 'is hown 'ouses; there's one close by in Common Garden;" and with other furious denunciations boxed his ears, and when Charles hurriedly caught up and put on his hat, drove it with one terrific blow down over his eyes, after which, as the poor boy could not find his way to the stairs, with Christian charity the blacksmith helped him down them with a vicious kick.

But though the actor-to-be found his musical studies thus rudely interrupted in one pious quarter, in another he was encouraged. One of his many brotherly visitors, a butcher named Woodward, commonly known as Brother "Oodard," who was his father's clerk at Lady Huntingdon's chapel, at Whetstone, where his father had a country residence, suggested an "hopposition to the horgan of the church," the introduction of a fiddle, a bassoon, and Master Charles's life to accompany the hymns. This idea was duly carried out, and Mathews, in his autobiography, describes most amusingly the effect produced. The innovation made a great sensation in the village of Whetstone, and the good folks by whom it was originated and carried out proudly believed that "the Steepleites" were all either jealous, or inclined to join their own body. This was a matter of some worldly importance to the butcher, for the Churchites would not deal with a Chapelite, and music might at one blow convert from a false creed and a rival butcher's shop.

Party feeling ran so high between the followers of church and chapel that Charles passing through the village was hissed and ridiculed as "the Methodist parson's son," and laughed at as "a psalm-singer" by the ungodly, who put their heads together in a plan for his woful degradation and contamination. The son of one of the shopkeepers, a Mr. Lawson, absolutely induced young Mathews to go with him to—

THE RACES.

Mathews describes his first visit to a racecourse, and says its effect was so powerful that nothing erased it from his mind. Later in life, when worn and lame, he allowed no impediment, no difficulty of distance or means of travelling, to debar him from going to the races. As he said, "To the races I must go, whether Doncaster or Epsom, Leger, or Derby. I have left Glasgow with the penalty attached to two nights' travelling in order to be at Newmarket on Easter Monday, and have witnessed twenty-five contests for Derby and Oaks since 1803. I have frequently ridden on horseback from London to the neighbourhood of Epsom at night, after my performance, to sup with my friends, rather than encounter the dust of the roads on 'the great day' as it is called."

Young Mathews enjoyed the race, was full of enthusiastic delights, and grateful to those to whom he was indebted for the treat, and they, taking a mean advantage of his inexperience and weakness, took him to dinner afterwards, made him drunk, despite his constant entreaties to let the glass pass untouched, and was at last carried insensible through the village in which his father lived, carried on the shoulders of his treacherous companions, amidst shouts of ridicule, mocking songs, and blasphemous outcries.

(To be continued.)

**A RIDICULOUS CUSTOM.**—The spread of the "no fee" system is one of the most agreeable circumstances connected with the modern theatre, and if visitors to Her Majesty's Opera have the slightest sense of humour the attempted exaction of fees at that place of entertainment should soon be laughed away. As visitors pass into the house and up to the boxes, they are greeted with a sentence advising them to "leave their coats and sticks"; but the management would have some difficulty in explaining why their patrons should think proper to do so. Hooks are provided in the boxes for the purpose of hanging up coats, and there is room in the corners for a multitude of sticks and umbrellas. Why, then, should the visitor delay his entry into the theatre by surrendering his property and taking a ticket, and, what is much worse, delay his exit for the pleasure of struggling through the crowd around the doorway till he reaches the counter, and, afterwards, till the attendant has time to take his ticket, search for the coat and stick, correct any mistakes he may make in the process of selection, and finally hand over the articles? To the mind not educated in the niceties of theatrical management it seems infinitely simpler for the visitor to slip on his coat before leaving his box, take his stick from the corner, and pass out of the house as soon as the curtain has fallen. That a man should pay a shilling for the sake of being delayed and made uncomfortable, does not seem reasonable. In the event of a gentleman escorting a party of friends through rainy streets, it may be a convenience to leave dripping coats, cloaks, and umbrellas; but it may be assumed that when any one has spent two or three guineas in taking a box he will not shrink from incurring the cost of a cab if the night be wet.—*Evening Standard*.

**POMADE TRICHOPHILE.**—This pomade, the result of much patient research, is an infallible remedy for diseases of the scalp, such as dandruff, redness, pimples, falling off of the hair, premature baldness, &c. Under its influence local circulation is accelerated and all morbid secretions expelled (not driven into the system, as is the case with most of the nostrums sold). Every trace of dandruff disappears and a brilliant and flexible appearance is given to the hair. Price No. 1, 5s.; No. 2, 6s., to be obtained through all Chemists, Perfumers and Hairdressers, or direct from the French Hygienic Society, 55, Conduit-street, London, W.—[ADVT.]





THE FORTUNE-TELLER.



## BY-THE-BYE,

why should the *Morning Post* be astounded, and cry jubilee "to see the vast *salle* of the national theatre filled by an audience following with patience and apparent" (why only apparent?) "appreciation one of Shakespeare's military plays," to wit, *Henry V.*? Is it so very incredible and surprising that one of the most exciting and grandest stories in English history, told in action, by the greatest dramatic poet, in the prime of his matured powers and histrionic experience, should have real, not only apparent, interest, and should not provoke the impatience of those who are descendants of the heroes of Agincourt?

So far as I can discover, *Henry V.* always was popular amongst English playgoers. You can scarcely name a truly great player of the past who did not appear in it, although the critics always shook their wise heads at it.

Only a few evenings ago I heard *Henry V.* read to a large family of boys and girls. We had no grand spectacular scenery, no dodging and transposing and cutting down of long speeches: it was a bald, bare, unpretentious reading. The dramatic critic of the *Morning Post* and his critical brethren of the daily press who spoke in like terms of this noble patriotic story should have seen the eager interest with which it was followed on that occasion—the flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes when the more stirring descriptions and speeches were read—heard the wild outcry and desperate entreaties which arose when bedtime was announced. The youngsters broke down all opposition, and it was about midnight when, perforce, the book had to be put aside, the play still unfinished, the reader anxious to begin certain journalistic tasks. Even

then the youngest was still awake, and, sleepy as the children were, they went to bed reluctant and grumbling, the eldest smuggling away the volume to do that forbidden thing—read in bed. I can't help thinking that even the old play called *The Famous Victories of Henry V.*, containing the *Honourable Battle of Agincourt*, must have been a very popular one. If it had not strongly hit the public taste I fancy it would not have been printed and published in 1598, about ten years after it was "acted by the King's servants;" nor is it probable that Shakespeare would have laid violent hands upon it in the year following its publication, when there is sound reason for believing that he wrote his *Chronicle History of Henry V.*, with the *Battle fought at Agincourt, in France, together with Ancient Pistol*, making considerable use of the older and then newly-printed play.

And I can't help fancying that the author of the older play must have had his laugh in the spirit although his bones had so long been dust, when Mr. Aaron Hill did with Shakespeare's *Henry V.* exactly what Shakespeare had done with his.

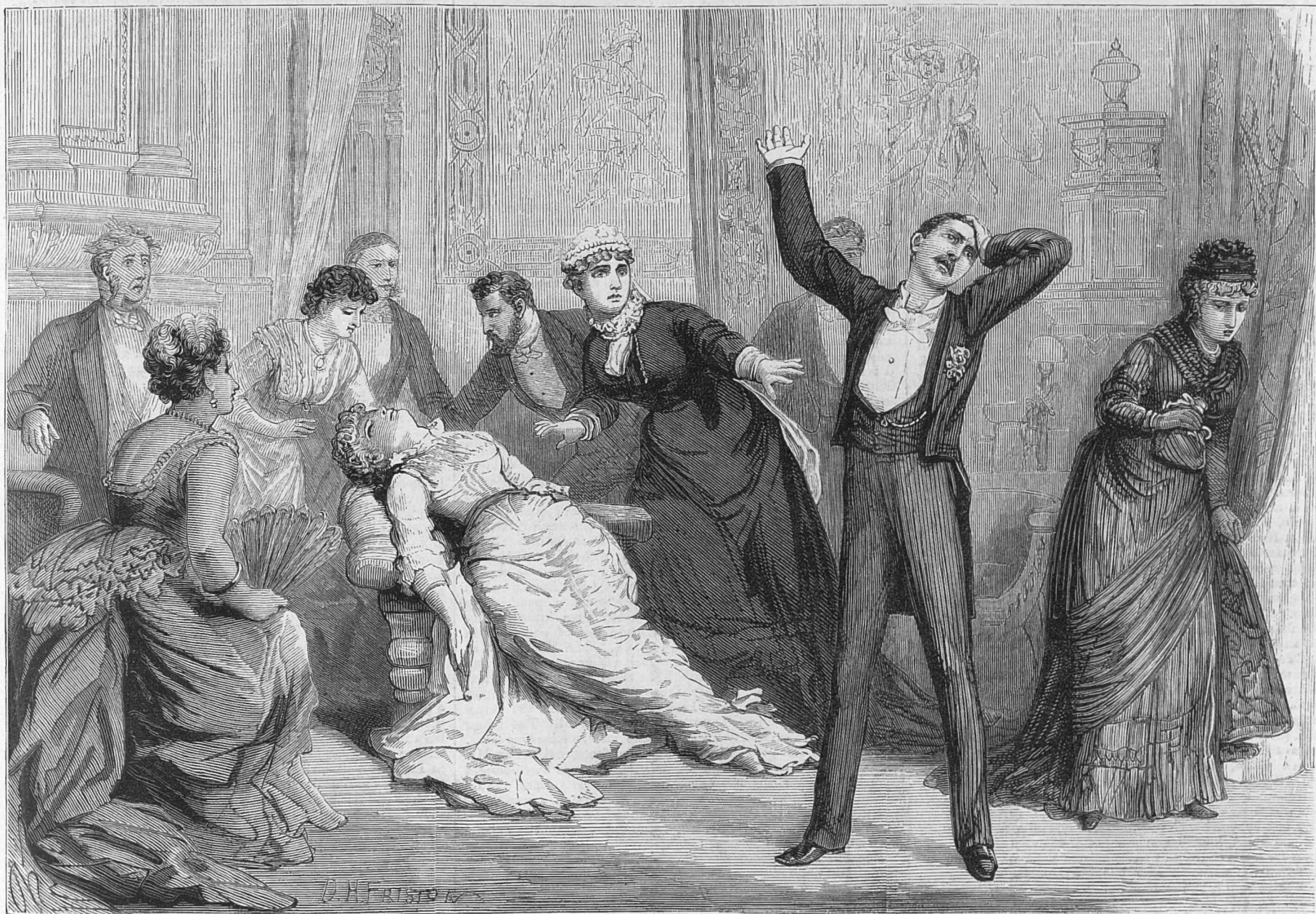
By-the-bye, I wonder if any histrionic student who witnessed the revival of Shakespeare's *Henry V.* in Drury Lane Theatre on Saturday evening last gave a thought to that impudent revival of the same great play, in the same old theatre in 1723, by Garrick's great friend, Colley Cibber's foe, Mr. Aaron Hill, poet, historian, timber merchant, "sole discoverer" and patentee of Beechnut oil, emigration agent, dramatist, potash manufacturer, actor, reformer of the drama, and theatrical manager. I say impudent, not only because Shakespeare's glorified name was erased, and that of Mr. Aaron Hill put in its place, but because Mr. Hill, thinking as many still think—witness

the daily papers—that nothing but spectacular scenery, "female interest" and "plot" could make *Henry V.* go down with modern playgoers, threw in by way of make-weight new sets of scenes, at the then great expense of two hundred pounds, together with a plot and a female character, one "Harriet," a niece of Lord Scroope, formerly seduced by the young King Henry. She appeared throughout the piece disguised in male attire—that strengthened the interest greatly—and was made the means of discovering the conspiracy against her royal seducer. With all these powerful aids and other great improvements in the way of new speeches and superior dialogue, *Henry V.* ran four nights, and was very warmly applauded by the critics and the audiences of the day. Garrick, if I remember rightly, was the Chorus, which so provoked Ben Jonson and Dr. Samuel Johnson's scorn.

*Henry V.* still figures in the list of Mr. Aaron Hill's dramatic works appended to his life, and in the published volume of his plays, a copy of which may not often, but now and then, be found on the second-hand bookstalls. I wonder they don't revive it instead of Shakespeare's—plot and female interest being still regarded as the latter's great weakness.

Old Drury could tell some strange tales of this kind if its walls could speak.

*Henry V.*, by Aaron Hill (after Shakespeare) was as completely forgotten in 1789 as Shakespeare's *Henry V.* had been in 1723. In the former year Mrs. Siddons being compelled by ill-health to absent herself from the stage, her brother, John Philip Kemble, unwilling to allow "the tragedies of female interest to be weakened by inferior representation," hit upon the idea of reviving, not Mr. Hill's, but Shakespeare's *Henry V.*



SCENE FROM "DUTY" AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE.

Mr. Kemble, says Boaden, did not on this occasion "order the prompter to write out the parts from some old mutilated prompt copy"—(this is significant)—"lingering on his shelves," but went to "the author's genuine book," to consider, as actors usually do, "what could be cut out in the representation, not as disputing the judgment of the author, but as suiting the time of the representation to the habits of his audience, or a little favouring the powers of his actors, in order that the performance might be as uniformly good as it was practicable to make it." My impression, although I haven't just now the means at hand of verifying it, is that on this occasion also *Henry V.* was a success.

I never saw Macready's *Henry V.*, but it is known to have been one of his most popular impersonations. When he played it at Covent Garden Theatre in 1819 the critics proclaimed him the veritable "warlike Harry," and he often afterwards played it for his benefit, an occasion for which actors are not given to selecting a dull or tiresome play. Some old actors may remember how he rehearsed the part in armour when *Henry V.* was once more revived at Covent Garden (June 1839), and in his diary it is recorded how he wore it during the entire day at home in order that he might be thoroughly accustomed to it before the great night came. The image of the great actor sitting down to dinner with his family in a complete suit of armour strikes one as a funny probability. On that occasion the Chorus was personated by an actor still remembered for his wonderfully intense acting, Mr. Vandenhoff, and his noble descriptive lines were aided by pictorial illustrations from the pencil of Stanfield. The play was again a success. Under the date of July 16, Macready tells how after he had changed his

dress he was compelled to reappear before the curtain "amidst shoutings and waving of hats and handkerchiefs by the whole audience standing up—the stage being literally covered with wreaths, bouquets, and branches of laurel." The actors cheered with the rest in a spirit of genuine enthusiasm, and amongst those who crowded round him enthusiastically congratulating and praising him were Dickens, MacLise, Stanfield, T. Cooke, Blanchard, Bulwer, and many others, and "most of them asked for memorials from the baskets and heaps of flowers, chaplets, and laurels that were strewn upon the floor."

Again, who can fail to remember the grand histrionic triumph of 1859, when Charles Kean, whose long experience as an actor and manager left him, to use his own words, "impressed with a belief that the genius of Shakespeare soars above all rivalry," closed his series of magnificent Shakesperian revivals by the production of this same doubly-regarded play, *Henry V.*, at a cost of three thousand pounds. I was amongst those who enthusiastically witnessed it, and well remember Mrs. Charles Kean's "Muse of History," as it pleased her husband to call the Chorus. There was a classic grandeur about her gestures, elocution, and appearance which could not readily be forgotten. The play occupied nearly four hours in its representation; yet Mr. Cole, in his "Life and Theatrical Times of Edmund Kean," says, "The audience never wearied for a moment; they were manifestly so absorbed in the one subject that the introduction of any other would have been an interruption and not a relief." He adds: "We may say, without exaggeration, that all London flocked to see it, and all England crowded to London for the same purpose. When the curtain fell on the last night of its performance

every one felt that it would never rise again on a Shakesperian exhibition of similar excellence."

But this was not so. The late Mr. Charles Calvert restored it to the stage at Manchester as one of his series of successful and profitable Shakesperian revivals. It was as like that of Charles Kean as two peas in a pod, and it stirred the hearts of the Manchester people with a thrill of patriotism as strong as that which set aglow the hearts of that brilliant circle which closed in around Mr. Macready begging souvenirs of his triumph in memorial of fading flowers and the actor's fragile laurels. I have on good authority the statement that with his share of the profit derived from *Henry V.*, Mr. Calvert purchased the handsome old mansion in which he afterwards resided.

Transferred to America, our brother playgoers proved the lingering pride and love which yet links their hearts to English history, for is it not also their own? There, too, *Henry V.* was a great success and a sensation.

Why, then, should the dramatic critics of to-day talk so doubtfully about this noble play as "claiming some interest from the talent displayed by its actors," although "not a good 'acting' play" (*Daily Chronicle*), as needing "the extraneous aids of processions and stage carpentry" to become "a sufficiently effective stage spectacle" (*The Observer*), and—but I need not go through the list. Most of them are in the same tune, and many use the same words.

By-the-bye, it was in connection with the revival of *Henry V.* by Charles Kean that somebody pointed out as the original of "Fluellen" the historical Welshman, David Gam (or Squinting) who so gallantly gave his life to save that of the English King at Agincourt, and was known in England as David



Llewellyn. In Jones's "History of Brecknockshire," speaking of this ancient Briton, he says: "At different periods between the years 1550 and 1700 I have found the descendants of this hero of Agincourt (David Gam) in possession of every acre of ground in the county of Brecon. At the commencement of the eighteenth century I find one of them the common bellman of the town of Brecknock, and before the conclusion two others supported by the inhabitants of the parish where they resided." I fear I am growing tedious and so—although I have not half emptied the budget prepared for this paper—aside goes the pen of yours, &c., A. H. DOUBLEYEW.

## MUSIC.

### HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

THE welcome arrival of Signor Fancelli has greatly strengthened the resources of Her Majesty's Opera. He is not a meritorious actor, but as a vocalist he has no rival on the Italian operatic stage. On Saturday last he made his *entrée* as Raul in *Les Huguenots*, and sang superbly throughout the opera. What a magnificent voice he has! and what an unflinching source of pleasure it is to listen to his clear and facile execution of high chest notes! The high C in the duet septett, and the high notes in the duet with Valentina, were like the bright tones of a trumpet, and were delivered with a fervour of expression strangely at variance with the prosaic and unimpassioned demeanour of the performer. It is hopeless to expect improvement in Signor Fancelli's acting. His singing, in "robust" tenor parts, and in many others, is so completely delightful that his histrionic deficiencies may readily be pardoned. Mme. Pappenheim resumed the rôle of Valentina, and well sustained her high position among the chief *prime donne drammatiques* of the present day. She appears to have almost entirely conquered the nervousness which formerly prejudiced her success, and on Saturday last she frequently sang with a power and charm of voice—combined with dramatic expression—which could hardly be equalled by any of her living contemporaries. The grand duet at the end of Act 3, sung by Mme. Pappenheim and Signor Fancelli, was a musical treat of the first kind. Mme. Ilma di Murska's place, as Margherita di Valois, was taken by Mlle. Lido, who sang with credit to herself, under trying circumstances. The page, Urbano, was impersonated by Mme. Trebelli, whose singing and acting were as delightful as ever. Signor Pinto was an acceptable Marcello, although the music was, in some instances, too high for him, and he was forced to transpose the "Piff-Paff" song. Mr. Carleton, as Di Nevers, made a highly favourable impression, and Signor Rota was an efficient St. Bris. The house was filled to overflowing, and the crowded state of the pit and galleries left little room for doubt that the masterpieces of great composers will always attract abundant public patronage when creditably produced. On this occasion the chorus sang rather better than usual, especially in the "Rataplan" chorus. In the great *ensemble* of the second act—which evidently suggested to Gounod the Kernesse scene in the second act of *Faust*—the choral effects were injured by the weakness of the soprano voices. It is difficult to find choristers with good, fresh voices, who are "up" in the choral music of twenty or thirty operas. When choristers are wanted, a manager generally resorts to the "experienced" singers, whose lengthened experience has been gained at the cost of power and freshness of voice. Mr. Mapleson three years back started an academy for operatic dancers. An academy for choristers would probably be more rapidly and permanently profitable. Unless some fresh native choristers are speedily trained, we may contemplate the near approach of a time when foreign choristers must be largely imported, or operatic choral singing become mere dumb show.

*Rigoletto*, Verdi's masterpiece, was produced on Tuesday last, and Mme. Ilma di Murska appeared in the character of Gilda. As on former occasions during the current season, she sang high notes and staccato passages with brilliant effect, but was vocally incompetent to do justice to phrases which lay in the middle and lower registers of the soprano voice. Her execution of Gilda's only solo, "Caro Nome che il Cor," was for this reason unequal, and the final shake—divided into two distinct shakes—was unsatisfactory. In the second duet with *Rigoletto* Mme. di Murska's acting was earnest, graceful, and pathetic, and she was still more successful in the famous quartett, "Un di, si ben rammentomi," but she failed to elicit any tokens of warm approval. On Mme. Trebelli's success in the small but important part of Maddalena it is needless to dilate. Signor Fancelli, despite a cold, sang with his usual charm of voice, and, as usual, was encored in "La Donna e mobile." In the duet with Gilda, and in the final quartett, his singing was superb. Signor Pantaleoni, in the rôle of *Rigoletto*, made a genuine success. He has already learned to curb the exuberance of style which was formerly his conspicuous defect, and on Tuesday last he acted with unexaggerated and natural pathos. He lost one point, however, in the scene where *Rigoletto* seeks to obtain from the courtiers some tidings of his daughter, Gilda. In this scene the unhappy court jester is in doubt whether it is his own child who is in the power of the Duke "qui s'amuse." Suddenly, he espies a white handkerchief on the Duke's table, flies to it, and finds that it is the handkerchief of the lost daughter, whom he knows to be about to suffer outrage from the Duke. Signor Pantaleoni took up the handkerchief as composedly as if it had been a blank sheet of paper, and displayed no emotion at the terrible evidence of his child's dishonour. Who that beheld Ronconi in this scene can ever forget the gasp of horror, the facial expression of mental agony which accompanied his discovery of the sickening truth? Signor Graziani, and still more notably M. Roudil, made a great point of the incident, and Signor Pantaleoni should be advised to follow their examples. Signor Pinto was an efficient Sparafucile, and the opera was favourably received by the audience.

*Robert le Diable* was announced for Thursday last—too late for notice this week; *Le Nozze di Figaro* for last night. *Mignon* and *Carmen* were repeated on Monday and Wednesday last. *Faust* will be repeated at the Saturday *matinée* to-day, and *Aida* this evening, with Signor Fancelli (for the first time in England) as Radames, Mme. Trebelli as Amneris, and Mme. Marie-Roze as Aida.

### ROYAL CONNAUGHT THEATRE.

The Holborn Amphitheatre, re-arranged and newly decorated, under the superintendence of a liberal and spirited manager, Mr. J. W. Carrans, was re-opened on Saturday last as an opera house, and, with the permission of H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, the renovated house is now and henceforth to be known as the Royal Connaught Theatre. The operatic work chosen for the opening night was a comic opera in two acts, written by B. E. Woolf, composed by Julius Eichberg, and entitled *Alcantara*. It was originally produced in America, about twelve years ago, and was once performed by the Carl Rosa Opera Company in the provinces, with a strong cast, but was immediately afterwards withdrawn from the repertory of that company. Some alterations have recently been made in the piece, and the dialogue has been modernised by the introduction of jokes about the Zulus, the Premier, &c., which, however

incongruous in a Spanish drama, appeared to be highly relished by a large portion of the audience. The plot is given as follows:—

Carlos, the son of Senor Balthazar, has fallen in love with Senorita Isabella, daughter of Doctor Alcantara. In the meanwhile, Isabella has been betrothed to a young man with whose name she has not been made acquainted. Surprised by her mother in listening to a serenade given by Carlos, she confesses her love for him, and refuses to marry the unknown intended. Carlos contrives to have himself conveyed into the house in a basket, under cover of a present to Inez, the confidante of Isabella, and takes advantage of the absence of everybody to get out of the basket and conceal himself. The Doctor and Inez, in trying to hide the basket from the quarrelsome Lucrezia, drop it in the river, and afterwards learn that there was a man in it. Attracted by the despairing screams of Inez, the night watch appear, led by the alguazil Pomposo, who informs them that they are under the surveillance of his men, as suspicious persons. After the departure of the night watch, the Doctor and Inez are left brooding in fear and dismay over their crime, when Carlos enters, to the great terror of the Doctor and Inez, who immediately suspect him to be a police spy. He discovers himself to them as the son of Senor Balthazar, being at the same time unaware that his ladylove and his intended are one and the same. Transported with joy, the Doctor asks him to take a glass of wine with him, which wine, brought by Inez, proving to be one of the Doctor's decoctions, plunges Carlos at once into a deathlike swoon. The Doctor, believing him dead, and afraid of being detected in this his second imaginary murder, conceals Carlos in a sofa, in which act he is disagreeably surprised by the sudden arrival of Senor Balthazar, who comes to conclude the arrangements for the marriage of his son and Isabella. His presence being objectionable to them, they put every obstacle in his way, so that at length he is forced to pass the night on the sofa beneath which his son's body is concealed. When he is asleep, the Doctor and Inez, fearful of discovery, enter to remove the body from under Balthazar, who awakes, and starts up in fear. Carlos, by this time, recovering from the effect of the opiate, contrives to get out of the sofa, and his father meeting with him in the dark, utters a cry of alarm, which terrifies the Doctor and Inez, and also attracts the neighbours. Mutual explanations take place, and Isabella and Carlos prove to have been loving at cross purposes, as they were from the first intended for each other by their respective parents.

It will be seen that the libretto of the opera is founded on the French piece best known in this country by its English title, *Twice Killed*. The incidents are farcical, and the story possesses too little dramatic interest for an opera in two acts. As a musical farce, *Alcantara* is not unlikely to prove attractive, but it can scarcely be deemed worthy of acceptance as a legitimate comic opera. The music is light and tuneful, the leading themes being for the most part chosen from the works of Mozart, Rossini, and other composers, and the sole portions of the vocal score which may be considered dull are those in which Mr. Eichberg has dared to be original. The orchestration is unpretentious—not to say weak—and the concerted music is only acceptable when obviously borrowed from familiar sources. It is not likely, however, that general audiences will detect the frequent plagiarisms of Mr. Eichberg, and his ingenious arrangement of borrowed materials was received with great favour by the audience which filled the theatre on Saturday last. The opera was well mounted. The new scenery painted by Mr. H. Emden was deservedly admired, and the newly enlarged stage presented a bright spectacle when occupied by a large number of *ballerine* and choristers, attired in bright and tasteful Spanish costumes. Miss Lia Rohan in the principal soprano rôle—that of Inez, the waiting maid—displayed considerable histrionic ability, and sang with taste. Miss Ellerman (Isabella) was less successful in her singing than in her acting. Mme. Tonnelier gave an animated impersonation of the Doctor's jealous wife, Lucrezia. Mr. Arnold as the Doctor made a successful first appearance in London. His quaint natural humour often awakened hearty laughter, but his performance would have been more praiseworthy had he abstained from interpolating "gags" and "topical" allusions, quite out of character in scenes supposed to take place in Spain. Mr. Woodfield, as Carlos, made a genuine success. His acting was spirited and appropriate, and his agreeable light tenor voice was heard to advantage when not unduly forced. He is likely to render valuable service in the light kind of opera to which the Royal Connaught Theatre will probably be devoted. The minor characters were efficiently filled, and the *mise en scène* was good.

The opera was preceded by an amusing farce, written by Mr. G. L. Gordon, and entitled *Bachelors' Hall*, and was followed by a ballet, entitled *Lotus Land*, in which Mles. Luna and La Stella, with a numerous *corps de ballet*, executed a variety of graceful evolutions, invented and arranged by Mr. John Lauri. In this, as in the farce, Mme. Emmeline Cole rendered useful aid both as vocalist and actress.

Those who remember the former appearance of the house would find some difficulty in recognising it in its present aspect. Nearly half of the large pit is filled with luxurious stalls; the boxes and dress circle are tastefully draped and ornamented; the lighting is effected by means of sunlights which promote ventilation; the corridors, passages, and refreshment rooms are spacious and elegant, and there are few theatres in London more attractive in appearance than the Royal Connaught Theatre.

A NEW musical extravaganza, entitled *Balloonacy*, will shortly be produced at the Royalty Theatre, with original music composed by Mr. E. Solomon.

THE fourteenth season of the London Ballad concerts at St. James's Hall, under the direction of Mr. John Boosey, will commence on Wednesday, Nov. 19th.

At the Alexandra Palace *Lucia di Lammermoor* will be performed this evening by the Blanche Cole Opera Company, under the direction of Mr. Frederick Archer.

THE Royal Albert Hall Choral Society gave a performance of Mendelssohn's *Elijah* on Thursday last, too late for notice this week. The principal vocalists were Mme. Albani, Mme. Sterling, Mr. Edward Lloyd, and Herr Henschel. Organist, Dr. Stainer; conductor, Mr. Barnby.

THE benefit of M. Rivière, the able and popular director of the current series of promenade concerts at Covent Garden, will take place to-night, when a variety of attractions will be provided, amongst which will be the repetition of Jullien's British Army Quadrille, in which ten military bands will take part.

THE Carl Rosa Opera Company on Monday last commenced an engagement at Bristol. The *Bristol Mercury* speaks highly of the manner in which Gounod's *Faust* was represented, and adds: "It may be said that foreign operas were translated into English and acted upon the English stage before Mr. Carl Rosa came amongst us. So, indeed, they were; but rarely, if ever, with anything deserving the name of completeness. Under the management of the new caterer we now get the English versions of the principal foreign operas, given in combination with the works of our own gifted operatic writers, in as perfect a manner as they would be by the artists of either of the Italian opera houses."

THE 22nd season of the Monday Popular Concerts at St.

James's Hall opened on Monday last. The string quartett was composed of Mme. Norman-Neruda, MM. Ries, Zerbini, and Piatti,—artists of tried worth and well earned popularity. The programme included Haydn's quartett in B flat, No. 1 of Opus 50, Rubinstein's sonata in D major for pianoforte and violoncello (Mlle. Janotha and Signor Piatti), a difficult chaconne for violin by Vitali (Madame Neruda), Beethoven's trio in E flat, No. 2 Op. 70 (Mmes. Neruda and Janotha, and Signor Piatti), and vocal selections from Handel and Weber, ably sung by Miss Lillian Bailey. The concert was worthy of the occasion, and was in all respects successful.

THE fifth Saturday concert of the current season at the Crystal Palace was given on Saturday last. The chief instrumental attraction was the Scotch symphony of Mendelssohn, which was admirably executed by the fine band, under the masterly direction of Mr. August Manns. The novelty of the occasion was an MS. prelude and fugue for orchestra, by Mr. F. Davenport, winner of the chief prize in the symphony competition at the Alexandra Palace. His new work gave further evidence of his technical ability and cultivated taste, and was heartily welcomed. The programme also included selections from Wagner's *Meistersinger*, Ferdinand Hiller's pianoforte concerto in F sharp minor—admirably played by Miss Bessie Richards, who was recalled to the platform—and vocal selections sung by Mme. Schuch-Proska and Miss Hope Glenn.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### STABLING.

(To the Editor of THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.)

SIR,—In your issues of the 18th and 25th October, and 1st November, there are articles concerning stabling.

I wish to caution owners of horses against having the flooring of stables made of patent bricks, with hard polished surfaces; they are usually grooved, but the hoofs of the horses pass over the grooves. I tried them about four years ago; one of the horses slipped down in a stall, and grazed his knee. The groom told me that he had also fallen two or three times while engaged in the stable. I was obliged to have the flooring taken up and a fresh one laid down, composed of the best "Malm Paving Bricks," price £4 per thousand. Bell traps should be placed over the entrances to the drains, to prevent the escape of effluvia from the drains.

The plan that I have adopted for the ventilation of our stables, is; to allow the air to enter at several apertures, avoiding direct draughts of air upon the horses; at one corner of a loose-box there is a chimney which carries off the impure air; in the stable door there are two openings, with the lower part of them at a distance of about six feet and a half above the ground. The apertures referred to are eight inches in length, and five in breadth; there are sliding doors, so that they can be closed when required, and a grating of iron bars, an inch distant the one from the other. In the upper part of the door of the loose-box there are nine holes of three-quarters of an inch in diameter, besides a window, to be more or less opened, according to the temperature. In the loft, one of the panes of glass in a window is made to open and shut, and when open the space is filled up with perforated zinc.—I am, &c.,

London, November 4, 1879.

X. Y. Z.

### THE RICHMOND THEATRE.

SIR,—One day last month I made a pilgrimage to the Richmond Theatre. I found a notice outside stating that it would be opened on the following day; and the stage door left open, most likely for the purpose of letting in some fresh air, I went in, and was sorry to find the place in a great state of dilapidation. I had not been there since the sale of Edmund Kean's dresses and other property. He had not long been dead, and in the small house adjoining the theatre he died. When I came out and looked up to the bay-window of the room where the great actor "shuffled off the mortal coil," I thought it a pity there should be no memorial tablet to record the event. "I shall not look upon his like again."—Yours obediently,

November, 1879.

T. S. E.

### SPORT IN INDIA.

SIR,—Among your admirable illustrations last week I noticed a picture of an Indian bear in hot pursuit of a missionary, which is stated to represent a true incident. I have myself been in the unpleasant position of being forced to stand the charge of a wounded bear, and I have seen and shot them both in India and elsewhere. But I was under the impression that the black bears of the East Indies were not accustomed to get on to their hind legs when charging, and have always understood that the only species that rise to hug are the "grizzly bear" of North America, and the polar bear of the Arctic regions. I should be glad if some of your correspondents would correct me if I am wrong.—I remain, yours &c.,

B.

THE EASTBOURNE PAVILION CONCERTS.—The regular Eastbourne "Season," which usually terminates with September, has this year been prolonged a month later, thanks, in no small degree, to the delightful music provided at the Pavilion, under the direction of Mr. Julian Adams. The engagement of Mr. Adams with the Devonshire Park Company terminated on the 4th of October, but so highly were the diurnal concerts appreciated by visitors and residents alike that an arrangement was made to extend the period to Saturday last, November 1st, on which occasion a large and fashionable assembly met in the great Floral Hall to listen to the concluding concert of the series. In addition to the usual talented performers, Miss Bertha Bronsil appeared as solo violinist, and Miss Agnes Larkcom as vocalist. The overture, "Rosamunde" (Schubert), was played by the band with excellent effect, and Miss Larkcom was warmly applauded in the song, "Welcome to Spring" (Mendelssohn), as also the scena, "Softly sighs," from *Der Freischütz*; but the gem of the evening was the singularly able performance of a sonata for pianoforte and violin (Beethoven) by Mr. Julian Adams and Miss Bertha Bronsil. The audience, being a cultivated one, could appreciate the execution of this grand piece, on the difficulties of which we need not comment. The Scotch ballad "Within a mile of Edinburgh Town" having been given by Miss Larkcom with much pathos, the concert was brought to a close with a selection (with solos for the principal instrumentalists) by the band, to the skilful *bâton* of Julian Adams; who was most heartily and deservedly applauded. It is reported that, in consequence of the success of the Pavilion concerts, the directors of the Devonshire Park Company have arranged with Mr. Adams to give Saturday afternoon and evening concerts of classical and popular music during a considerable portion of the winter.

HAVE IT IN YOUR HOUSES.—LAMPLOUGH'S PYRETIC SALINE is most agreeable and efficacious in preventing and curing Fevers, Eruptive Complaints, and inflammation. Use no substitute, for it is the only safe antidote, having peculiar and exclusive merits. It instantly relieves the most intense headache and thirst; and, if given with lime-juice syrup, is a specific in gout and rheumatism. Sold by all Chemists, and the Maker, 113, Holborn-hill, London.—[APVT.]



**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.  
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**



**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.  
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**



## OUR CAPTIOUS CRITIC.



Master Gussie Harris.

"All the world's a stage and all the men and women merely players." This may be so as far as men and women are concerned, but recently circumstances have arisen which have upset

the divine William's calculations. There are boys who turn out to be not "merely players" but managers. All credit to the dear children for following in the steps of their revered and successful father; but it does seem to an old fogey like myself, who has a kind of superstitious belief in the advantages of much and long experience that the two largest theatres in London should be under the management of the two sons of the late Mr. Augustus Harris, and that beyond this, like a young Alexander the Great, unsatisfied with signal successes the more juvenile of the two—Mr. Charles Harris—should add to the trifling cares of such a house as Covent Garden in Pantomime preparation time the other trifling cares of stage management at the Adelphi. I would not for the world say a word against the boys. To do what they undertake they must have three great qualities, pluck, self-belief, and indomitable cheek. Bless you my children, may you establish the fact that Boy Management is the secret of reformation and success in the Drama! But don't be too hard on some actor old enough to be your grandfather or some giddy actress who might claim to be the age of an aunt, if you think, at your respective establishments, that these worthy people do not know as much about it as yourselves. I hope Charlie will not think that I am attacking him in any way, I only mean to point out that it is almost phenomenal that he and brother Gus should, at their tender ages, have upon their shoulders cares that greatly tired their own father, Mr. Chat-terton, and the late Mr. Alfred Bunn and Mr. Brinsley Sheridan. Mr. Augustus Harris has entered upon the management of Drury Lane Theatre, at which house he will doubtless produce a brilliant pantomime. It will not be one of Mr. Blanchard's charming "Annuals," which for such a number of years delighted the successive generations of child audiences with their gentle humour, for I believe that gentleman has given up the idea of writing any more in that line. I hope I am incorrect. Meantime, Mr. George Rignold has produced his version of Shakespeare's play of *Henry V.* The town has been made aware of



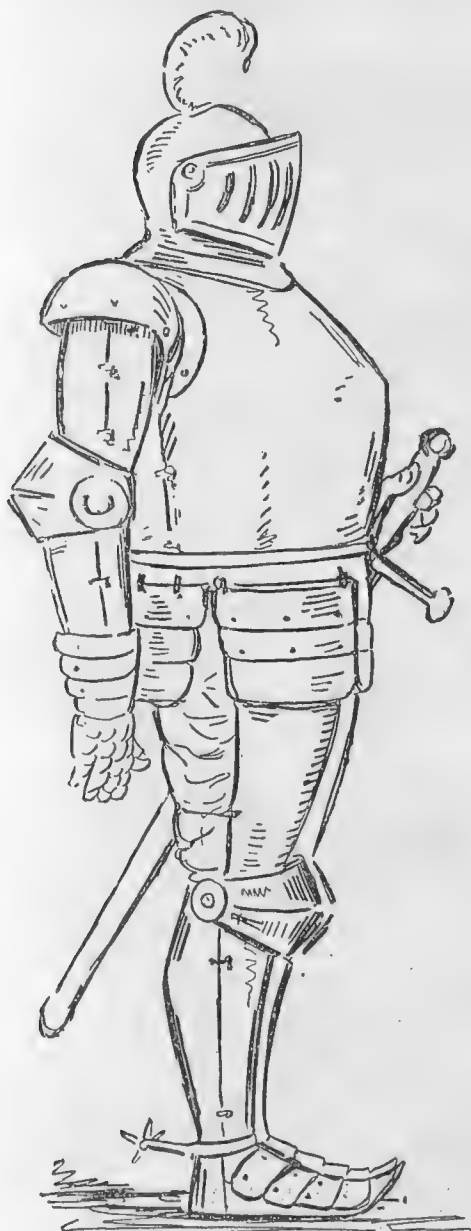
A fashionable Beauty as "The lost Gainsborough"

this fact by "bold advertisement," and we have learnt to look upon Henry V. of England through these pictorial announcements as a person with a dandified notion in the matter of costume and personal adornment. At the theatre Mr. George Rignold does not dissipate this view in the least. Nor has the daily press in any way attempted to militate the matter. I learn from one great organ that the "admirable elocution, clear powerful voice, and a fine manly figure exactly suited the requirements of the character." Again, I find that "the stirring speeches of the King, sonorously delivered, are still found capable of quickening the pulse of every patriotic auditor. Those who have the eye more gratified than the ear can fast to their hearts' content." This and more I all learn from my daily paper, and together with the pictorial advertisements, I have to my mind a very elevated speculation of Mr. Rignold's qualities as an actor, a stage beauty, and a king. For my own part, when I have witnessed his performance and gulped down the very large dose of poetical and artistic license that is offered me, I come to the conclusion that he is a very decent stage king, and, as I always thought before, a very good actor. *Henry V.* is admirably mounted and acted, but it is a very severe dose of carnage that the piece requires is very trying to any but the most bloodthirsty of theatre-goers. Perhaps after the dormant state the stage machinery has been in for so many months it is just as well that it should be tested before the heavy business of pantomimic changes, as I have an idea that it is not in the most healthy condition. The company who participate in the pageantry and warfare include names that guarantee careful and adequate treatment of the parts allotted to them. "Mine Antient Pistol" is played by Mr. E. J. Odell, whose quaint style of humour is thoroughly suited to that hectoring henchman. Mr. Odell's appearance is nothing at all if not extremely singular. He adheres to his flowing locks, but has greatly added to their effect by topping them with a hat—I think I might write it HAT under the circumstances—for it is certainly the hattiest hat you ever



Master Charlie Harris.

yet did see. I have tried to give a faint idea of it in the sketch of his impersonation of the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire of "lost Gainsborough" celebrity.



The part of Henry the V. as played by the late King himself



The part of Henry the V. as played by Mr. George Rignold



## DRAMA.

### LYCEUM THEATRE.

WHATEVER may be the view taken of Mr. Irving's performances, there can be no question as to the intense interest which invariably attaches to his assumption of a new character. And he fully deserves that such should be the case, for no one has worked with more unwearying devotion to advance the art in which he has won so distinguished a position. He has spared neither his time nor his purse to present the pieces given on the Lyceum stage worthily and artistically, and though there may still remain certain differences of opinion as to his merits as an actor, none can be entertained as to his well directed energy as the manager of one of the foremost theatres in the metropolis. The presentation of *The Merchant of Venice* on Saturday last was no exception to the golden rule of completeness which prevails at the Lyceum. The scene painters, Messrs. Telbin, Hawes Craven, Cuthbert, and Hann, have done their work admirably; the stage management is safe in the experienced hands of Mr. Loveday, while the spirit which animates all Mr. Irving does was present in every detail, showing how he himself had laboured in the cause of art. True the incidental music might have had more meaning, and Mr. Hamilton Clarke's orchestra was at times unpleasantly obtrusive, but a little care will remove even that slight defect, and the scenic and stage arrangements may be pronounced perfect.

"The play's the thing," however; and how was *The Merchant of Venice* performed? Mr. Irving ought, said the popular voice, to play Shylock supremely well, nor was the verdict thus pronounced a mistaken one. We decline to enter upon a discussion of the many theories which have been broached concerning the character of Shylock, in which the writers have been more careful to exhibit their own ingenuity than to endeavour to understand Shakespeare. The latest contributor, by the way, to this fatuous kind of criticism informs us that *The Merchant of Venice* was intended "as a plea for toleration towards the Jews." As reasonably might this erudite individual have argued that it was meant as a warning against vivisection, or as a manifesto in favour of the employment of ladies in law courts. Leaving, then, these gentlemen to fight at ease over the meanings they put into the poet's mouth, let us come at once to Mr. Irving's portrayal of the character, which, without a doubt, he plays admirably. And to find out how he plays it we have to look only to Mr. Irving, and not to the traditions of other actors, for he will have none of them. Schlegel, Gervinus, Hazlitt, Lewes, and a score of other commentators have found a dominant idea in Shylock, have told us how the part ought to be played, and was played, and it would be easy to quote very interesting passages (as has already been done in more than one notice of the piece) bearing upon these questions. But Mr. Irving has gone to a better teacher—viz., Shakespeare himself. Thus it is that we get a complex, a many-sided Shylock, a being who is dominated by all sorts of conflicting ideas. He is a Hebrew with the instinct of race, a Jew with that of religion, a usurer with a desire for a high "rate of usance," a father with his love for his child, a dweller in a country where he is a stranger, and yet a dignified man of substance among the merchants who disdainfully use him. Thus it happened that Mr. Irving was not the same man at different parts of the representation; but the fault, if fault it be (and we do not admit that for a moment), is Shakespeare's, and not Mr. Irving's. The poet drew a character tinged with a natural and most dramatic incongruity, and Mr. Irving represented it in the spirit in which it was conceived. He was the religious Jew and the usurer, the despairing father and the bitter persecutor of Antonio, and he was the dignified Hebrew at the trial where he is so worsted by Christian trickery. He was particularly happy, too, in those passages in which Shylock's sarcastic humour finds vent, and with the exception of one scene, he played with a welcome absence of certain tricks of speech, which we trust he has now shaken off for ever. Taken as a whole, his Shylock must be set down as one of his very finest parts, and if it needs study, even as the play does, before we appreciate its due significance, the intelligent playgoer will not grudge it to so scholarly an actor.

Miss Ellen Terry has played Portia before in London, when *The Merchant of Venice* was given at the Prince of Wales's, and profound as was the impression she then created, her rendering of the part on Saturday night was, if possible, more perfect than of old. There was the matchless Portia to the life, the lady of Belmont, a great heiress and yet a true woman, portrayed with an abiding grace, a firmness and a delicacy, possible only to one woman on the stage, and that one Ellen Terry. Mr. Jamieson's description of Portia's character may well stand as an accurate account of this consummate actress's impersonation. "Not only," we are told, "all the tenderness and delicacy of a devoted woman are here blended with the dignity which becomes the princely heiress of Belmont, but the serious, measured self-possession of her address to her lover when all suspense is over, and all concealment superfluous, is most beautifully consistent with the character." It is not easy in an impersonation which was throughout instinct with poetry and beauty to select those passages which were especially conspicuous, but we may name one or two. The maidenly surrender in the speech beginning "You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand," was exquisitely conveyed, and further on there was a delicate pause before the word "wife" in the proposal to pay Shylock more than he demands, which showed how carefully the actress had studied the text, while the assumed swagger when Portia tells Nerissa she will "prove the prettier fellow of the two" was played with the most delightful touches of comedy. In the trial-scene before the Duke, and again at Belmont, all was perfection, and this incomparable actress realised the most dazzling of Shakespeare's heroines after a fashion that would have fulfilled the poet's dreams of the character could he have revisited the "glimpses of the moon" and seen Miss Terry play it. The other characters were fairly sustained. Mr. Forrester played Antonio in conventional fashion, that is to say, he made him a whining and very monotonous personage the abstraction from whom of a pound of flesh would have probably had the happiest effect, in that it might have woken him up a bit. Mr. Barnes was a careful and vigorous Bassanio, but hardly invested the part with distinction enough. Mr. Johnson made the most of Launcelot Gobbo, a personage whose humours are rather caviare to a modern audience, while other parts were creditably filled by Messrs. Beaumont, Tyars, Elwood, Pinero, Forbes, and F. Cooper, whose Gratiano had distinct merit. Miss Florence Terry, who was painfully nervous, may make more of Nerissa when at home in the part, and Miss Alma Murray's admirable elocution and sound acting made her a very acceptable Jessica. She was particularly successful in the last act at Belmont. Mr. Irving's arrangement of the play gives us five acts, two of which contain three scenes each, the next five and the two last one. He introduces in the third act the street scene in which Antonio is led on by the gaoler to be exposed to the gibes of the vindictive Jew, and there is nothing gained by so doing, for it gives Shylock very little opportunity, breaks up the act needlessly into five scenes, which are too many, and it

would be much better to let the scene in Portia's house run on to the end.

It is almost superfluous to say how the play was received. First-night audiences nowadays are always kindly when anything good is offered them, and at the Lyceum their enthusiasm knows no bounds. The pit, the dress circle, and the gallery rose at Mr. Irving and his fellows at the end, and the roar of applause must have roused the neighbourhood. In response to a demand for a speech, Mr. Irving came forward, and, after saying that it was the happiest moment of his life, he claimed for himself and those associated with him the merit of having at least worked hard, for he said that on the 8th of October last not a brush had been put upon the scenery, nor a stitch in any of the dresses. He concluded with a paraphrase of Bolingbroke's words in *Richard II.*—

I count myself in nothing else so happy  
As in a soul remembering my good friends.

So ended one of the most brilliant first nights of the season, and there can be no doubt that with Mr. Irving as Shylock, and Miss Ellen Terry as Portia, the programme at the Lyceum just now is a supremely attractive one.

### DRURY LANE THEATRE.

The house-warming at Drury Lane, under its new lessee and the temporary management of Mr. Rignold, attracted on Saturday night a considerable audience, the entertainment provided being Shakespeare's play of *Henry V.* (the late Mr. Charles Calvert's edition), with Mr. George Rignold, who made his first appearance on the London boards since his return from America, in the title-role. The scenery and stage arrangements, however, should first be mentioned, as the merely Shakespearean portion of the play, seems to be of subsidiary interest. On the whole, the piece has been put upon the stage with an elaborateness which is frequently effective and in good taste, though the return to England is tedious, and the introduction of a badly sung chorus unwarrantable. Mr. George Rignold delivered with a force which was at times well directed, the speeches of the warlike Harry, and infused into his love-scene with Katharine some tenderness, which contrasted with his acting in the earlier parts of the play. Mr. Ryder, first as the Archbishop of Canterbury, and then as the Soldier Williams, showed himself a thorough Shakespearean scholar in both characters; Mr. Caihem was an original as well as an amusing Fluellen; Mr. Charles Harcourt, as dignified and clear-spoken a French Herald as the character demands. Mr. Odell gave a far too highly-coloured and exaggerated version of Pistol; Master Grattan, as Pistol's servant, showed how much better the part can be played by a boy than by a woman dressed in boy's clothes, and Miss Dora Vivian played agreeably as "*la plus belle Katharine du monde*." Excepting certain members of the French Court, whom the Archbishop must have had in his mind's eye when he advised his Sovereign—

Divide your happy England into four,  
Whereof take you one quarter into France,  
And you withal shall make all Gallia shake,

the other characters were effectively represented. Although he enjoys the reputation of a speech-maker, Mr. Rignold refrained from giving an address longer than one of four words, and this was provoked by a disturbance in the gallery during the last act. The emphasis with which his "What does this mean?" was given showed his powers however in this direction, and restored immediate quietude to the house. There is more spectacle than Shakespeare in *Henry V.* as now given at "Old Drury," and it contrasts strongly with a Shakespearean revival now going on at another house, but, nevertheless, it seems to please the audience.

Mr. BASIL YOUNG gave his celebrated entertainment, *A Garden Party in the Nineteenth Century*, at the Public Hall, Croydon, for three nights last week with great success to crowded audiences.

### MARK TWAIN AS A POLITICIAN.

GENERAL JOSEPH R. HAWLEY, of Connecticut, is a Republican candidate for Congress, and obtained the services of his friend, Mark Twain, to introduce him to the electors. The meeting was held at the Opera House, Elmira, N.Y., and thus the famous humourist delivered himself. "Beautiful Snow," it may be added, is a cruelly popular melody which may be expected soon, as "Grandfather's Clock" has providentially run down. "I see I am advertised to introduce the speaker of the evening, General Hawley, of Connecticut, and I see it is the report that I am to make a political speech. Now, I must this is an error. I wasn't constructed to make stump speeches, and on that head (politics) I have only this to say: First, see that you vote. Second, see that your neighbour votes. Lastly, see that yourself or neighbour don't scratch the ticket. General Hawley was President of the Centennial Commission. He was a gallant soldier in the war. He has been Governor of Connecticut, member of Congress, and was President of the convention that nominated Abraham Lincoln."

Gen. Hawley—That nominated Grant.  
Twain—He says it was Grant, but I know better. He is a member of my church at Hartford, and the author of "Beautiful Snow." Maybe he will deny that. But I am only here to give him a character from his last place. As a pure citizen, I respect him; as a personal friend of years, I have the warmest regard for him; as a neighbour, whose vegetable garden adjoins mine, why—why, I watch him. That's nothing; we all do that with any neighbour. Gen. Hawley keeps his promises not only in private but in public. He is an editor who believes what he writes in his own paper. As the author of "Beautiful Snow" he has added a new pang to winter. He is broad-souled, generous, noble, liberal, alive to his moral and religious responsibilities. Whenever the contribution-box was passed I never knew him to take out a cent. He is a square, true, honest man in politics, and I must say he occupies a mighty lonesome position. He has never shirked a duty or backed down from any position taken in public life. He has been right every time, and stood there. As Governor, as Congressman, as the head of the Centennial Commission, which increased our trade in every port and pushed American production into all the known world, he has conferred honour and credit upon the United States. He is an American of Americans. Would we had more such men! So broad, so bountiful in his character that he never turned a tramp empty-handed from his door, but always gave him a letter of introduction to me. His public trusts have been many, and never in the slightest did he prove unfaithful. Pure, honest, incorruptible, that is Joe Hawley. Such a man in politics is like a bottle of perfume in a glue factory—it may modify the stench if it doesn't destroy it. And now, in speaking thus highly of the speaker of the evening, I haven't said any more of him than I would say of myself. Ladies and gentlemen, this General Hawley.

Mr. Clemens was frequently interrupted by applause and laughter. At the close of his remarks, General Hawley stepped forward and, for an hour and a half, spoke on the issues of the day.

## PRINCIPAL RACES PAST.

### LINCOLN MEETING.

FRIDAY.

The CARHOLME PLATE.—Mr. A. Cooper's Peroration II. (Lemaire), 1; Mollusca, 2; Scottie, 3. 6 ran.  
The BLANKNEY NURSERY HANDICAP.—Mr. J. Osborne's Laurel Leaf (Bell), 1; Despotism, 2; Allan Bane, 3. 9 ran.  
The PELHAM SELLING STAKES.—Mr. Hall's Playfellow (J. E. Jones), 1; Peerage, 2; Her Majesty colt, 3. 5 ran.  
The TALLY-HO STEEPCHASE PLATE.—Mr. W. Wilson's Goldfinder (Mr. A. Coventry), 1; Douglas, 2; Safeguard, 3. 6 ran.  
A SELLING HUNTERS' FLAT RACE.—Mr. G. Paget's Rocket (Mr. H. Owen), 1; Restoration, 2; Cock Robin, 3. 9 ran.  
The LINCOLN AUTUMN HANDICAP.—Mr. C. Perkins's Umbria (Fagan), 1; Mars, 2; Pedagogue, 3. 6 ran.  
A HUNTERS' FLAT RACE.—Mr. J. M. Richardson's Harpocrates II. (Mr. Spence), 1; Bristol, 2; Huntingfield, 3. 5 ran.

### LEWES MEETING.

FRIDAY.

A HANDICAP HURDLE RACE.—Mr. H. Hyam's Edith Plantagenet (J. Jones), 1; Kinsman, 2; Post Haste, 3. 5 ran.  
The SOUTHERN SELLING HURDLE RACE PLATE.—Mr. F. Lynham's Peroration (Owner), 1; Middle Temple, 2; Salvage filly, 3. 4 ran.  
The CASTLE PLATE.—Mr. T. Brown's Radiance (T. Lane), 1; Haggis, 2; San Francisco, 3. 8 ran.  
The LEWES AUTUMN HANDICAP.—Mr. C. Maurice's Speculation (T. Cannon), 1; Lady Blanche filly, 2; The Squeaker, 3. 6 ran.  
The LEWES NURSERY HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. T. Cannon's Minnie Hawk (Greaves), 1; Fallow Deer, +; Wild Olive, 4. 10 ran.  
The SOUTHDOWN GOLD CUP.—Captain Macchell's My Delight (F. Archer), 1; King Stephen, 2; Lily Hawthorn, 3. 4 ran.

SATURDAY.

The HOUNDEAN PLATE.—Mr. S. Western's Saltier (T. Cannon), 1; Radiance, 2; Inglewood Ranger, 3. 7 ran.  
The SOUTHDOWN CLUB WELTER HANDICAP.—Mr. F. Gretton's Antient Pistol (T. Cannon), 1; Favo, 2; Bugle March, 3. 5 ran.  
The MILE SELLING PLATE.—Mr. A. James's Unicorn (F. Lynham), 1; Regent Murray, 2; Sagacity filly, 3. 8 ran.  
The ASHCOMBE HANDICAP.—Mr. J. Porter's Monk (T. Cannon), 1; Preciosa, 2; Lady Mostyn, 3. 5 ran.  
The SELLING NURSERY HANDICAP.—Mr. E. C. Smith's Miss May (Watts), 1; Folie, 2; Hugo, 3. 7 ran.  
A SELLING HANDICAP HURDLE RACE.—Mr. J. Nightingall's The Moor (Baverstock), 1; Slogan, 2; Oona, 3. 7 ran.  
The SUSSEX HUNTERS' PLATE.—Mr. J. E. Carr's Wentworth (Mr. Crawshaw), 1; Black Rock, 2; Lord Limerick, 3. 4 ran.

### LIVERPOOL MEETING.

TUESDAY.

The WESTMORELAND WELTER PLATE.—Mr. J. Monahan's Bouncing Bessie (F. Archer), 1; Lorna Doone, 2; Badger, 3. 6 ran.  
The TUESDAY PLATE.—Lord Wilton's Don Juan (W. Macdonald), 1; Maid of Arcade, 2; Acorn, 3. 3 ran.  
The KNOWLES NURSERY STAKES.—Lord Wilton's Toastmaster (F. Archer), 1; Conqueror, 2; Magdalen, 3. 7 ran.  
The JUVENILE PLATE.—Captain Macchell's Restitution filly (F. Archer), 1; Lady Lennard, 2; Maid of Arcade, 3. 3 ran.  
The FIFTH LIVERPOOL ST. LEGER.—Mr. Pickersgill's Robbie Burns (J. Snowden), 1; Disord, 2; Adventure, 3. 7 ran.  
The NEW STAND PLATE.—Colonel Forester's Bishop Burton (F. Archer), 1; Indigo, 2; Nelson, 3. 7 ran.  
The CROXTETH CUP.—Lord Wilton's Cradle (F. Archer), 1; Woodquest, 2.

WEDNESDAY.

The FAZAKERLY PLATE.—Mr. Milner's Lady Lennard (Morgan), 1; Anville, 2; Gunthwaite, 3. 4 ran.  
HER MAJESTY'S PLATE.—Mr. Pickersgill's Robbie Burns (J. Snowden), 1; Omega, 2. 2 ran.  
The LIVERPOOL NURSERY STAKES.—Lord Wilton's Brother to Cradle (W. Macdonald), 1; Magdalen, 2; Sweetbroom, 3. 6 ran.  
The WEDNESDAY PLATE.—Mr. Milner's Lady Lennard (Lemaire), 1; Ramsbury, 2; Ventnor, 3. 4 ran.  
The GRAND SEFTON STEEPCHASE.—Captain T. Y. L. Kirkwood's Woodbrook (Mr. H. Beasley), 1; Lottery, 2; Earl Marshal, 3. 9 ran.  
The ALT WELTER HANDICAP.—Mr. Wadlow's Instantly (F. Archer), 1; Indigo, 2; Don Juan, 3. 6 ran.  
The STEWARDS' CUP.—Sir G. Chetwynd's Sutler (C. Wood), 1; Pearlina, 2; Bouncing Bessie, 3. 3 ran.

THURSDAY.

The PALATINE NURSERY HANDICAP.—Mr. D. Milner's Lady Lennard (Luka), 1; Incendiary, 2; Anville, 3. 6 ran.  
The ANTREE FEATHER PLATE.—Mr. Monahan's Bouncing Bessie (F. Archer), 1; Favo, 2; Brown George, 3. 10 ran.  
The WIVERTREE WELTER HANDICAP.—Mr. R. Howett's Hazelnut (Lemaire), 1; Hardrada, 2; Diplomacy, 3. 9 ran.  
The LIVERPOOL AUTUMN CUP OF 500 SOVS. in specie, added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of 25 sovs each, h-t, and two only to the fund if declared, &c.; second to receive 50 sovs from the stakes, and winner to pay 25 sovs towards expenses; winners extra. From the Stables, about a mile and a half. 103 subs, 83 of whom declared forfeit.  
Lord Hastings's Master Kildare, by Lord Ronald—Silk, 4 yrs, Sst 13lb (F. Archer) 1  
Lord Hartington's Rylstone, 5 yrs, Sst 4lb ..... (H. Jeffery) 2  
Mr. F. Davis's Sunburn, 3 yrs, 7st ..... (Barker) 3  
Also ran: Simba, Peter, Westbourne, Rhidorroch, Lartington, Harbinger, Blantyre, and Quits.

Betting at starting.—7 to 2 agst Peter, 9 to 2 agst Westbourne, 5 to 1 agst Rylstone, 8 to 1 agst Sunburn, 9 to 1 agst Simba, 10 to 1 agst Quits, 100 to 8 agst Master Kildare, 100 to 7 agst Rhidorroch, 25 to 1 agst Lartington.

THE RACE.—After a couple of breaks away, the flag fell to a good start, Master Kildare getting off in front of Blantyre, Sunburn, and Harbinger, with Peter heading the remainder, who were whipped in by Rylstone. Just before reaching the distance, Sunburn headed Simba, but the pairs were almost immediately joined by Rylstone and Master Kildare, the latter of whom came out at the commencement of the stand and won by half a length; a length divided the second and third; and a head the third and fourth, Simba being in the latter position; Rhidorroch was fifth; Westbourne sixth; Harbinger seventh; Peter next; and Quits last. Time, 2min 31sec.

The DOWNE NURSERY HANDICAP.—Mr. Legh's Prince Bladud (Greaves), 1; Bobbing Around colt, 2; Cutty Sark filly, 3. 4 ran.  
The THURSDAY PLATE.—Lord Rosebery's Ramsbury (F. Archer), 1; Don Juan, 2; Fairy Form colt, 3. 4 ran.  
The WHITEFIELD FREE NURSERY.—Mr. Coates's Prevention (Fagan), 1; Sweetbroom, 2; Minnehaha, 3. 3 ran.

LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.—SHREWSBURY RACES.—RAILWAY ARRANGEMENTS.—As will be seen by our Advertising columns, the London and North-Western Railway Company have issued their Time Table for the forthcoming Shrewsbury Race Week. On Monday, November 10th, Special Express Trains will leave Euston Station at 2.50 and 4.0 p.m., reaching Shrewsbury at 6.55 and 8.15 p.m. respectively. The Special will return from Shrewsbury at 5.0 p.m. on Thursday, November 13th, and will be due to arrive at Euston Station at 9.10 p.m. Ordinary Fares will be charged.

DANIELS BROTHERS' ROYAL NORFOLK SEED ESTABLISHMENT.—The autumn catalogue of Dutch flower roots, fruit trees, &c., issued by these old-established Norwich nurserymen, has reached us. A brilliant coloured picture, as a frontispiece, is well calculated to rouse the enthusiasm of amateur gardeners, who will also be tempted by the variety and cheapness of the specimens Messrs. Daniels offer. Clearly written and well-expressed descriptions, together with numerous engravings, will tell and show the gardener what he has to expect.

The most amusing sight one can witness (says the *American Traveller*) in this big city is to see a policeman run-in a stray dog. In America such absurd sights are never seen. During the dog days, just closed, New York killed 5,400 dogs. The "dog cart" is a very fashionable English rig, but the "dog cart" in New York is anything but a hobby conveyance. A stranger often notices a dark-looking covered waggon crossing Broadway and driving down a side street with a troop of howling urchins and street gamins after it. Two men sit in front; one drives the horse and the other has a rope in his hand. If the stranger is riding on the top of a Broadway bus, he hastily inquires of the driver what the excitement is about. "Dorgs," is the laconic reply, and as the sombre dog waggon turns the end towards him he sees the helpless canines rushing to and fro in their cage, some howling piteously, as if they had a premonition of their fate. Thus do the New York cur go to its death.

KRATING'S COUGH LOZENGES.—Cure Coughs, Asthma, Bronchitis. Difficulty of Breathing (recognised and recommended by the Medical Faculty). No other remedy is half so effective. One Lozenge alone gives relief. Sold by all Chemists, in Tins, 1s. 1d. [Adv.]



NEWS ITEMS.

**HENRY'S ROYAL MODERN TUTOR FOR THE PIANO-FORTE.**—Although first published more than twenty years ago, we do not know of any superior system of instruction for the piano-forte than that contained in Henry's Tutor, and the issue by Messrs. Metzler of a new edition to rival the hosts of instruction books which constantly spring up on all sides is no slight proof of the excellence of what must now be considered a standard work. The pupil is, by the simplest possible means, made clearly to understand the elements of music. The examples are carefully fingered and numbered to assist the student in counting.

**SHREWSBURY RACES.**—Arrangements have been made by the Great-Western Railway Company to run a special fast express train to Shrewsbury, on Monday, November 10th, for the convenience of persons attending the race-meeting. The express is timed to leave Paddington at 3.25 p.m., and to arrive at Shrewsbury at 7.45 p.m. A special train will also be despatched from Shrewsbury for London, at 4.50 p.m., at the termination of the racing on the following Thursday, reaching Paddington at 8.55 p.m. Ordinary fares will be charged by both trains.

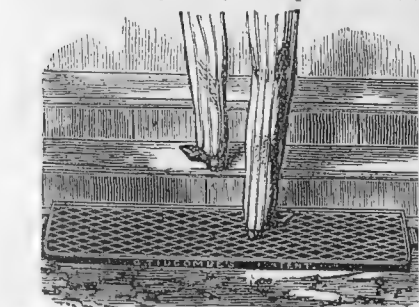
**MESSRS. J. C. WHEELER AND SON'S AUTUMN CATALOGUE.**—These well-known florists, of Kingsholm Nursery, Gloucester, have just issued their autumn catalogue of fruit trees, roses, forest trees, evergreens, deciduous trees, vines, flower roots, &c. A special feature in the catalogue is the chapter of useful hints to amateur gardeners on the preparation of the soil, selection, and method of planting, &c. The catalogue is illustrated with sketches of fruits and flowers that have sprung from Messrs. Wheeler's seeds.

**COST OF THEATRES.**—A German return which has been lately published gives the following interesting particulars of the cost of building some of the leading Continental theatres. We give the amounts in English money. The Stadt Theatre, at Leipzig, built in 1868, cost altogether £83,822. The Court Theatre, at Dresden, which was burnt down and which was built between 1838 and 1841, cost £61,194; and the present theatre, which took from 1871 to 1878 to build, cost £215,000. The Théâtre du Châtelet, in Paris, built between 1860 and 1862, cost £137,500. The Comic Opera-house, in Vienna, built between 1872 and 1874, cost £83,700. The Théâtre Lyrique, in Paris, built between 1860 and 1862, cost £89,912. The Imperial Opera-house, in Vienna, which took from 1861 to 1868 to build, cost altogether £540,000. Finally, the Grand Opéra, in Paris, the building of which occupied from 1861 to 1875, cost £1,600,000.

FROM MAYVILLE, N.Y., U.S.A., under the date of October 16, we hear that the great rowing match between Hanlan and Courtney, which has created so much excitement throughout the United States and Canada for the past few weeks, ended most disgracefully. By a dastardly act, the authors of which have not yet been discovered, the boat-house of Courtney was entered on the evening before the race, and his two boats literally sawed in two, so that in the morning Courtney found himself with no boat to row in.

**'The Gravel-Walk Metal Scraper Mats.'**  
(TRADE MARK.)

**THEY give a Finished Appearance** to Entrances, are suitable for all kinds of Gravel-walk Entrances in all weathers, either to remove the loose grit after summer showers, or dirt or snow of winter. Their texture gives a firm hold to the feet in whatever direction you step. They are the width of an ordinary step, being directly in the path cannot escape



use, save much wear in other mats, floor cloths, and carpets, and their endurance is incalculable. Lengths 2ft. 6in., price 10s.; 2ft. 6in., 12s.; 3ft., 14s.; 3ft. 6in., 16s.; 3ft. 6in., 18s.; 4ft., 20s. All 12in. wide.

Tidcombe's Patent Gravel-walk Metal Scraper Mats are suitable for Mansions, Villas, French Casements, Conservatories, Hot Houses, Green Houses, Flower Gardens, Kitchen Gardens, Places of Worship, Colleges, Schools, Manufactories, Hotels, Public Institutions, and all entrances leading from Sandy, Gritty, or Gravel Walks. Delivered on railway on receipt of remittance payable to G. TIDCOMBE & SON, Vulcan Foundry, Watford, Herts.

**J. C. CORDING & CO.,**  
19, PICCADILLY.

(Corner of Air-street.)  
**ONLY MAKERS OF THE**  
**VENTILATED**  
**WATERPROOF COAT.**

For Riding, Shooting, and general use.  
See *Field*, July 17th and 31st, 1869.

**GUARANTEED FOR ALL CLIMATES.**

**THE**  
**IDSTONE SHOOTING BOOTS,**  
As suggested and recommended by "Idstone,"  
of the *Field*.

**19, PICCADILLY.**

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT,

Second Edition, beautifully Printed on India Paper, at the reduced price of 3s.; or, on Plain Plate Paper, price 2s. Size—30 inches by 22 inches.

**"HOUSEHOLD PETS."**

DRAWN BY G. A. HOLMES,

Painter of the Celebrated Picture, "CAN'T YOU TALK?"

Being an exact facsimile reproduction on Steel of the Original Drawing by the new process of Photogravure.

Sent on receipt of Postage Stamps, or Money Order in favour of F. W. Skerry,

Office of the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS,  
148, STRAND.

UNIVERSITIES CO-OPERATIVE ASSOCIATION (Limited),

92, Long-acre, W.C.  
The STORES are NOW OPEN and in full working order. Shares, £2; Life Tickets, 1s. 1s.; and Annual Tickets 2s. 6d., can be obtained on application to the Secretary. Special facilities for the carriage of goods are given to all members. Reading, Writing, and Refreshment Rooms and Lavatories at the Stores.

DEPARTMENTS:

GROUND FLOOR.  
Groceries and Provisions; Wines and Spirits; Cigars, Tobacco, &c.; Dried Fruits, Fresh Fruits, &c., and Poultry; Drugs and Perfumery.

FIRST FLOOR.  
Hosiery and Drapery; Jewellery, Watches; Electro Plate; Stationery, Printing; Furs, Millinery, Mantles, &c.; Clocks, Cutlery, &c.; Books (new and second-hand); Music, Artists' Colours, &c.

SECOND FLOOR.  
Glass, China, &c.; Ormolu Articles, Brushes; Portmanteaus, and Games; Furniture, Carpets; Clerical Robes; Tailoring, Hats, &c.; Fancy Goods; Baskets, Turnery, Matting, &c.; Ironmongery; Church Furniture; Organs, Harmoniums, &c.; Boots and Shoes.

D. TREVOR-ROPER, Secretary.

COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, &c.—CHLORODYNE.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE is the best and most certain Remedy for Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Consumption, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, &c.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.—CAUTION.—None genuine without the words "Dr. J. Collis Browne's Chlorodyne" on the Government Stamp. Overwhelming medical testimony accompanies each bottle.

Sold in Bottles, at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d. each by all Chemists.

**"CIGARETTES"**  
EGYPTIAN AND ORIENTAL COMPANY.



TRADE MARK.  
CHOICEST QUALITIES ONLY.  
FORTNIGHTLY CONSIGNMENTS, AS USUAL.  
J. J. SULLIVAN AND CO.,  
FOREIGN MERCHANTS,  
140, Leadenhall Street, E.C.;  
4, South Molton Street, W.

**EAU FIGARO.**

The last scientific discovery for restoring faded and grey Hair to its original colour.

CLEANSING, HARMLESS, COLOURLESS.

To prove that this is "bona-fide," if a sample of hair be sent before purchase of the preparation, stating original colour, the same will be returned, completely restored. Prices 5s. and 6s. per bottle.

Full particulars will be sent on application to the  
**FRENCH HYGIENIC SOCIETY,**  
56, Conduit Street, Regent Street, W.

**BALDNESS IS CURABLE.**



BEFORE USING.



AFTER USING.

**"EAU MALLERON."**

A CURE IS GUARANTEED IN FROM THREE TO SIX MONTHS.

MONSIEUR LODOIS respectfully solicits all those who are bald, but desire to renew the natural covering of the head, to consult him any day between eleven and five o'clock, at the rooms of the French Hygienic Society, 56, Conduit-street, Regent-street.

Mr. LODOIS is so certain of success that he will enter into a contract on the principle of

**NO CURE NO PAY.**

Pamphlets forwarded, post free, on application,

THE FRENCH HYGIENIC SOCIETY,  
56, CONDUIT-STREET, LONDON, W.

**ACCIDENTS OCCUR DAILY!!**  
ACCIDENTS OF ALL KINDS  
Provided against by a Policy of the

**RAILWAY PASSENGERS' ASSURANCE COMPANY,**  
The Oldest and Largest Accidental Assurance Company.

The Right. Hon. LORD KINNAIRD, Chairman.  
SUBSCRIBED CAPITAL £1,000,000.  
ANNUAL INCOME £214,000.

A fixed sum in case of death by Accident, and a Weekly Allowance in the event of Injury, may be secured at moderate Premiums.

Bonus allowed to Insurers of Five years' standing. £1,350,000 have been paid as compensation. Apply to the Clerks at the Railway Stations, the Local Agents, or

64, CORNHILL, LONDON.  
WILLIAM J. VIAN, Secretary.

**DAY, SON, & HEWITT'S**  
STOCKBREEDERS' MEDICINE CHEST

For all Disorders in  
**HORSES, CATTLE, CALVES, SHEEP AND LAMBS.**  
and particularly recommended for  
**COWS CALVING AND EWES LAMMING,**  
and for

**SCOUR OR DIARRHŒA IN LAMBS AND CALVES;**  
Also for COLIC in HORSES, and all cases of DEBILITY in STOCK.  
Price complete, with Shilling Key to Farriery, £2 16s. 6d.  
Horsekeepers' Chest, £2 17s. 6d.  
Carriage paid.

**22, DORSET-STREET, BAKER-STREET, LONDON, W.**

ASK FOR AND SEE YOU GET  
**SPRATTS' PATENT**

**MEAT "FIBRINE" DOG CAKES,**  
Which received

PARIS EXHIBITION, 1878, HIGHEST AWARD.  
And

**ONLY SILVER MEDAL FOR DOG BISCUITS.**  
**DOG MEDICINES AND DOG SOAP.**

One trial solicited.

**SPRATTS' PATENT, BERMONDSEY, S.E.**

**NOTICE.—SILVER and ELECTRO-PLATE.**—ELKINGTON and Co., Manufacturing Silversmiths and Patentees of the Electro Plate. Revised Illustrated Pattern Book of New Designs in Table Plate of all kinds, and new qualities in Spoons and Forks, forwarded free by post on application. Testimonial Plate in Solid Silver, in great variety, always in stock and Committees provided with Designs and Photographs to suit all occasions.  
Address—ELKINGTON and Co., 22, Regent-street, London; or 42, Moorgate-street, City.

**HAMMERLESS.**  
New "Safety" Hammerless Gun.

**QUICK IN ITS ACTION.**  
**CONVENIENT TOP LEVER SNAP.**  
**LIGHT**

AND  
**PERFECTLY SAFE.**

To be seen at—  
**HOLLAND & HOLLAND'S,**  
98, NEW BOND STREET,  
W.

**TO HORSE OWNERS—IMPORTANT.**  
WRITE FOR SAMPLE OF

**SPRATTS' PATENT**

**FORAGE BISCUITS.**

**NUTRITIOUS AND PORTABLE.**

The *Field* says: "We have recently tested these Biscuits, and can confidently recommend a trial."

"SPRATTS' PATENT," BERMONDSEY, S.E.

THE LATE  
**MR. COMPTON**

AS  
**"M A W W O R M."**

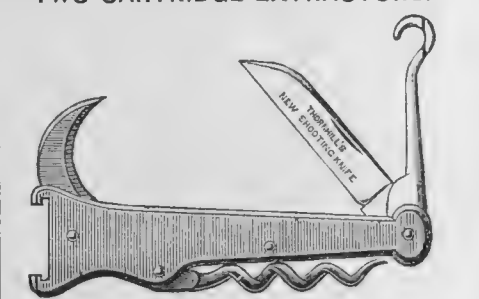
DRAWN FROM LIFE BY F. BARNARD.  
few Proof Copies, on fine Plate Paper, may be had price One Shilling each, by post 13 stamps.  
Address, The Publisher,  
"ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS,"  
148, Strand, London.



**TO LADIES!!**  
THE ORIGINAL MAKERS OF THE CELEBRATED  
**SHREWSBURY WATERPROOF**  
**TWEED CLOAKS,**  
**ULSTERS, JACKETS, AND SKIRTS,**

ARE  
**E. W. & W. PHILLIPS,**  
37, HIGH STREET, SHREWSBURY,  
From whom Patterns of Material, Photographs of shapes and Book of Prices, may be had post free on application.  
Gentlemen's Overcoats of the same material.

**THORNHILL'S**  
**NEW SHOOTING KNIFE.**  
THE GERMAN SILVER SIDES FORM  
TWO CARTRIDGE EXTRACTORS.

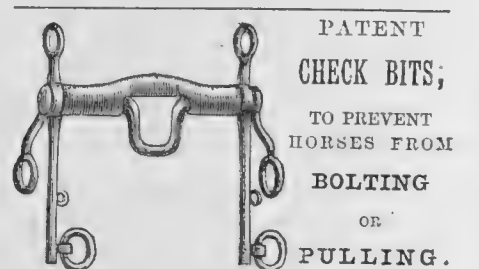


"We cannot too highly recommend it."—  
Sporting Gazette, Sept. 13, 1879.  
"Nothing, indeed, could be better."—  
Land and Water, Sept. 20, 1879.

In order to test the value of this advertisement, customers ordering, will greatly oblige by quoting this number—200.

**10s. 6d., Post Free.**  
ON RECEIPT OF P.O. ORDER OR STAMPS.

**W. THORNHILL & CO.,**  
144, New Bond-street.



**PATENT**  
**CHECK BITS;**  
TO PREVENT  
HORSES FROM  
**BOLTING**  
OR  
**PULLING.**  
TO BE SEEN AT AND MANUFACTURED BY  
**LATCHFORD & WILLSON,**  
11, UPPER ST. MARTIN'S LANE, LONDON.  
And sold by all Saddlers having a Special License for that purpose.

**THE PATENT**  
**NEWMARKET HORSE CLIPPER**



Is the most perfect and efficient yet introduced. It has less working parts, all made of the best materials, and possesses accuracy, simplicity, and non-liability to get out of order. Its construction admits of being readily taken to pieces, and put in perfect working order in a few minutes.

**SOLE MANUFACTURER,**  
**WM. BOWN,**  
308, Summer Lane,  
BIRMINGHAM.

To be had wholesale of Merchants, Factors, and Saddlers' Ironmongers; and retail of all Saddlers and Ironmongers throughout the United Kingdom.  
General Clipper repairs of all makers promptly executed.

**BLACKWELL, Saddler, &c., Patentee.**  
259, Oxford-street. Of all saddlers.

**THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS,** containing 26 Weekly Numbers of this superior and interesting Publication, with Index of Engravings complete.  
Price 2s.  
Cases for Binding Vols. I to XI ..... Price 2s. 6d. each  
Portfolios to hold 26 Numbers... .. 4s. 0d. "  
Reading Cases ..... 2s. 0d. "  
All may be ordered through any Bookseller or News-agent; or of the Publisher, at the Office,  
148, Strand, London.



## HORSE AUCTIONS.

**TO be SOLD by AUCTION by Messrs. TATTERSALL,** near Albert Gate, Hyde Park, on MONDAY, November 10th, without reserve, the following BROOD MARES, the property of a Gentleman.

1. NANNY THORMANBY (1866), by Thormanby out of Little Nan, &c.; covered by Pellegrino March 26.
  2. CHRISTMAS FARE (1864), by Plum Pudding out of Linda by Teddington; covered by Pellegrino February 27.
  3. SAVOIR VIVRE (1863), by Wild Dayrell out of Sagacity by Theon, &c.; covered by Pellegrino April 19.
  4. BELLE OF HOOTON (1871), by Stockwell out of Bessie Bell by Touchstone, &c.; covered by Pellegrino May 7.
  5. DEVOTION (1863), by Vedette out of Priestess by The Doctor, &c.; covered by Cardinal York April 16.
  6. LOVE LETTER (1862), by Ethelbert, her dam Postage by Orlando, &c.; covered by Pellegrino February 24.
  7. WANDA (1876), by Parmesan out of Grand Duchess by King Tom, &c.; covered by Paul Jones April 14.
  8. MATCHLESS (1868), by Stockwell out of Nonpareille by Kingston, &c.; covered by Cymbal.
- N.B.—All are believed to be in foal.

**TO be SOLD by AUCTION by Messrs. TATTERSALL,** near Albert Gate, Hyde Park, on MONDAY, November 10th, the following BROOD MARES the property of Henry Waring, Esq.

1. HAPPY QUEEN by Tournament out of The Doe by Melbourne out of Actual by Acteon; covered by Cymbal.
2. BANGLE (dam of Bayadère) by Surplice, her dam Bracelet by Touchstone out of Manacle by Emilius; covered by Paladine.
3. OUTCRY by King of the Forest out of Alarm (sister to Vulcan), by Alarm out of Maria Vincent by Simoon; covered by Cymbal.
4. LADY CHESTERFIELD (dam of Armada) (dam of Bella, Fair Maid of Kent, and Atalanta) by Stockwell, her dam Meeanee by Touchstone out of Ghuznee by Pantaloon; covered by King of the Forest and by Cymbal.
5. POMMELO by Lecturer out of Tomato by Tom out of Mincematt by Sweetmeat out of Hybla by The Provost; covered by Cymbal.

**HORSES FROM NEWMARKET.—FRIDAY next.**

**MR. RYMILL will SELL by AUCTION** at his Repository, Barbican, London, E.C., on FRIDAY next, Nov. 14, by order of Mr. Robert Layton, of the White Hart Hotel, Newmarket, 35 Well Bred, High Stepping, Riding and Driving Horses, 5 and 6 years old. The above stud are in first-class condition; have been used during the Race Meetings, for which purpose they were expressly purchased in Yorkshire and other counties. Gentlemen, tradesmen, and others should not lose so good an opportunity of obtaining seasoned young horses, suitable for any requirements. On view two days prior.

**INHOLMES PARK STUD FARM,** Burgess Hill, Sussex. Important Sale of Hunters, Hacks, Cobs, and Carriage Horses.

**MR. RYMILL is favoured with** instructions to SELL at the above Stud Farm, on Wednesday, Nov. 19th, TWENTY SUPERB HORSES of the above description, which have been selected irrespective of cost and with the greatest judgment; amongst them will be found many clever weight-carrying Hunters, from 5 to 7 years old, with perfect manners and grand fences, also Hacks, Cobs, and a few pairs of excellent Match Horses.

On view two days prior to sale, when the Horses can be seen ridden or driven. Mr. Rymill respectfully invites the attention of intending purchasers to this Sale, the Stock being exceedingly genuine, and for UNRESERVED SALE.

## BARBICAN REPOSITORY.

**MR. RYMILL will SELL by PUBLIC AUCTION,** every TUESDAY and FRIDAY, commencing at ELEVEN o'clock, ONE HUNDRED and SIXTY HORSES, suitable for Professional Gentlemen, Tradesmen, Cab Proprietors, and others; active young Cart and Van Horses for town and agricultural work; also a large assortment of Carriages, Carts, Harness, etc.

**CAVE'S, Moseley Street, Birmingham.** 120 HORSES of all classes every Thursday, by Auction. Special Stud Sale third Tuesday in every month. Entries close when 120 Stalls are engaged.

**HORSES.—Gentlemen requiring** Horses of any description, or having such to dispose of, are solicited to send particulars of the same. The Commission Stables for the sale or purchase of sound and reliable Horses are patronised by the Nobility. Terms: 5 per cent. commission; keep, 2s. per Week.—R. L. MAULE, late W. C. Lord, M.R.C.V.S. Kinnerton-yard, Kinnerton-street, Albert-gate, London.

**GREYHOUNDS.—FORTY VALUABLE GREYHOUNDS,** including second and first season dogs, Saplins, Pointers, and Setters, late the property of R. J. Colman, deceased. Valuable untied saplings from Mr. Charles Hodges, Woodford, and others, will be SOLD by PUBLIC AUCTION, on SATURDAY, November 16th, 1879, in the Carriage Department, at ONE o'clock, by Messrs. W. and S. FREEMAN, Proprietors of ALDRIDGE'S, St. Martin's-lane. On view Friday, November 14th, and morning of Sale.

W. and S. FREEMAN.

**THE NATIONAL DCG SHOW, BIRMINGHAM.**

An EXHIBITION of GUNS and SPORTING IMPLEMENTS will be held in connection with this Show this year. Applications for space received up to November 10th. GEORGE BEECH, Secretary. 9, Temple-row, Birmingham.

**THE ILFRACOMBE HOTEL is on** the sea shore, in its own picturesque grounds of five acres, and is fitted with every sanitary improvement which science could suggest. Rooms facing south, overlooking the Hotel gardens, and specially adapted for WINTER Residence. Mean temperature for DECEMBER, JANUARY, and FEBRUARY LAST, 40.4°. Reduced Tariff from 1st November. Table d'hôte daily. Every information of the Manager.

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

**CLARKE'S WORLD-FAMED BLOOD MIXTURE** is warranted to cleanse the blood from all impurities, from whatever cause arising. For Scrofula, Scurvy, Skin and Blood Diseases its effects are marvellous. In bottles, 2s. 6d. each, and in cases (containing six times the quantity) 11s. each, of all Chemists. Sent to any address, for 30 or 132 stamps, by the Proprietor, F. J. CLARKE, Chemist, Apothecaries' Hall, London.

**£10 to £1,000 Invested in UNITED STATES STOCKS** make fortunes every month. Books sent free explaining everything.—Baxter & Co., Bankers and Stockbrokers, 17, Wall-st., New York, U.S.A.

Ready on Lord Mayor's Day, November 10.

THE GRAND  
**CHRISTMAS NUMBER**  
OF  
**LONDON SOCIETY,**  
RICHLI ILLUSTRATED,  
And containing, amongst other Seasonable Matter, the Startling Story,  
**THE GHOST IN THE BANK OF ENGLAND.**

London: SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON, SEARLE and RIVINGTON, Crown-buildings, 183, Fleet-street, E.C.

"The correct guide to good manners."

In crown 8vo., price 2s. 6d., cloth gilt (post-free 2s. 9d.).

**MANNERS and TONE of GOOD SOCIETY; or Solecisms to be Avoided.**

A Book of "Rules and Reference." By a MEMBER of the ARISTOCRACY. Second Edition.

"To those on the fringe of society the book will doubtless be of inestimable value."—*Court Journal*.

FREDERICK WARNE and Co., Bedford-street, Strand.

In crown 8vo., price 2s. 6d., cloth gilt (post-free 2s. 9d.).

**SOCIETY SMALL-TALK; or, What to Say and When to Say It.**

By a MEMBER of the ARISTOCRACY, author of "Manners and Tone of Good Society."

"The contents of this amusing volume exactly answer to the promise of the title."—*Observer*.

FREDERICK WARNE and Co., Bedford-street, Strand.

"**HOLLY LEAVES**"

IS THE TITLE OF

**THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER**

OF THE

"ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS."

It will contain Forty Pages of Pictures, Tales, Poems, &c., in an Illuminated Wrapper, printed in Gold and Colours. Price 1s.

With this Number will be Given Away a fac-simile Copy, in 17 Colours, according to the highest style of art which recent discoveries render possible, a picture by **GEORGE HOLMES**, entitled "Firm Friends."

Advertisements intended for this number, should be forwarded at once to the Office, 148, STRAND, W.C.

**SALES BY AUCTION, etc.**

**HUNTING SEASON, 1879-80.—A**

Single Gentleman, residing in the centre of the best hunting country in England, offers ACCOMMODATION in his own house to a young single gentleman for the ensuing season. Stabling for five horses; two and a half miles from a first-class station on the L. and N. W. R.—For terms, &c., apply to "W. C. S." Advertiser Office, Rugby. References exchanged.

**TO be LET, a HUNTING BOX,** Unfurnished, in the Quorn and Cottesmore country; good stabling for five horses, more can be had if required.—Apply to "High Bailiff," Burrow-on-the-Hill, Melton Mowbray.

**TO be LET, Furnished for the Hunting Months, KIMBOLTON HOUSE,** Kimbolton, St. Neot's. It contains nine bedrooms, and two dressing-rooms, and a large dining-room, two drawing-rooms, and smoking-room, servants' rooms and offices; stabling for nine horses. Two miles from Midland Railway; within easy distance of the Fitzwilliam hounds, also close to the covers of the Oakley and Cambridge hunts.—Address "W." care of Mr. Hull, Bookseller, Kimbolton, St. Neot's.

**HUNTING, Shooting, Yachting.—**

To be LET, a comfortable 18-ton YACHT on Lough Derg, in connection with rabbit shooting, and the use of one or more hunters during the seasons in a good hunting country; two comfortable rooms in a farmhouse could also be provided if necessary; there is good wildfowl shooting on the lake. Terms, without hunters, £20 per month; with two days per week, £1 10s. per week extra.—Apply to Capt. Smithwick, Youghal House, Nenagh.

**BLACKHEATH.—Charming**

FAMILY RESIDENCE, with vineries, greenhouses, and beautifully laid-out grounds of about an acre, TO BE LET (Unfurnished). Eight good bedrooms, dressing-room, bath-room, four lofty and elegantly-decorated sitting-rooms, with large conservatory leading from the drawing-room, and capital offices. The house is fitted with every convenience, is in first rate order, and ready for immediate occupation. Stabling can be had. Inspected by Mr. John Hilton, The Village, Blackheath; and Messrs. Debenham, Tewson, and Farmer, 80, Cheapside.—(31,860.)

**THE WIDNES VOLUNTEER**

HALL, 100ft. by 50ft. TO LET, for concerts, lectures, theatrical performances, and other entertainments. Also the WIDNES PUBLIC HALL. The population is about 22,000.—Address W. H. Kershaw and Co., Widnes.

**REVERSIONS, ANNUITIES, LIFE**

INTERESTS, BONDS, SHARES, POLICIES, &c. The highest possible prices are obtained by Messrs. Marsh, Milner and Company, at their Monthly Periodical Sales by Auction (Established 1843). Loans also are arranged, and, if desired, prompt Sales effected by Private Treaty.—Address, 54, Cannon-street, London.

**OWNERS OF ESTATES (in any**

part of the United Kingdom), desirous of realizing their properties by Private Treaty, without incurring preliminary expenses, or publicity, can be assisted in their object by conferring with Messrs. Marsh, Milner and Company, Land Valuers and Timber Surveyors, 54, Cannon-street, London. Established 1843.

**SMART'S WRITING INSTITUTE.**

7th, Quadrant, Regent-street (entrance in Swallow-street). Open from ten till nine daily. Persons of all ages received (privately), and taught at any time suiting their own convenience. Lessons one hour each. No classes. No extras. Improvement guaranteed in eight to twelve easy lessons. Separate room for ladies.—Apply to Mr. Smart, as above.

**SEVEN PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED.**

**GOODALL'S HOUSEHOLD SPECIALITIES**

**GOODALL'S YORKSHIRE RELISH.**

The most delicious SAUCE in the World. This cheap and excellent Sauce makes the plainest Viands palatable, and the daintiest Dishes more delicious; and to Chops, Steaks, Fish, Soup, &c., it is incomparable.

Sold by Grocers, Oilmen, Chemists, &c., in Bottles, 6d., 1s., and 2s. each.

Prepared by GOODALL, BACKHOUSE, and Co., Leeds.

**GOODALL'S BAKING POWDER.**

THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

The cheapest, because the best, and indispensable to every Household, and an inestimable boon to Housewives. Makes delicious puddings without Eggs, Pastry without Butter, and beautiful light Bread without yeast.

Sold by Grocers, Oilmen, &c., in 1d. Packets; 6d., 1s., 2s., and 5s. Tins.

Prepared by GOODALL, BACKHOUSE and Co., Leeds.

**GOODALL'S QUININE WINE.**

The best, cheapest, and most agreeable Tonic yet introduced. The best remedy known for Indigestion, Loss of Appetite, General Debility, &c. Restores delicate Individuals to Health and Vigour.

Sold by Chemists, Grocers, Oilmen, &c., at 1s., 1s. 1½d., 2s., and 3s. 3d. per Bottle.

Prepared by GOODALL, BACKHOUSE, and Co., Leeds.

**GOODALL'S CUSTARD POWDER.**

For Making delicious Custards without eggs in less time and at half the price. Unequalled for the purposes intended. Will give the utmost satisfaction if the instructions given are implicitly followed. The proprietors entertain the greatest confidence in the article, and can recommend it to housekeepers generally as a useful agent in the preparation of a good custard. Give it a trial.

Sold in boxes, 6d. and 1s. each, by Grocers, Chemists, Italian Warehousemen, &c.

Shippers and the Trade Supplied by the Sole Proprietors.

GOODALL, BACKHOUSE, and Co., White Horse-street, Leeds.

**ASK FOR**

**LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT**

OF MEAT.

A SLIGHT ADDITION OF THE EXTRACT GIVES GREAT STRENGTH AND FLAVOUR TO SOUPS, MADE DISHES AND SAUCES, AND EFFECTS GREAT ECONOMY.

**LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT**

OF MEAT.

Caution.—Genuine only with fac-simile of Baron Liebig's signature in blue ink across label.

**LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT**

OF MEAT.

In use in most households throughout the Kingdom.

**LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT**

OF MEAT.

**BLAIR'S GOUT PILLS.**

THE GREAT REMEDY FOR GOUT AND RHEUMATISM.

The excruciating pain is quickly relieved and cured a few days by this celebrated Medicine. These Pills require no restraint of diet during their use, and are certain to prevent the disease attacking any vital part.

Sold by all Chemists, at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per box.

**NEW BOOKS.**

NOTICE.—The Permanent ENLARGEMENT without increase of price of

**THE MAGAZINE of ART** is commenced with the NOVEMBER PART, price 7d., in which will be found full particulars of the Prizes offered to Art Students, with rules to be observed by Competitors, and the conditions of the Competition.

CONTENTS OF THIS PART:—

"GEIZ UND LIEBE" (Avarice and Love). From the Painting by L. LOFFTZ. Frontispiece. OUR LIVING ARTISTS: Sir Joseph Noel Paton, R.S.A., LL.D., Her Majesty's Limner for Scotland. By GEORGE R. HALKETT. With Portrait and Two Engravings.

ON SOME OF THE "SIGHTS" of LONDON. By E. INGRESS BELL.

SKETCHING GROUNDS: The Oeschinen See, and the Gemmi Pass. By SYDNEY HODGES. With Five Illustrations.

DANNECKER. A Study of Modern Sculpture. By E. S. ROSCOE.

OLD KEYS.—II. By T. W. GREENE. With Four Illustrations.

ART in the STREETS.—I. St. James's-street to Pall-mall. By PERCY FITZGERALD. With Five Illustrations.

FRANCIS SNYDERS. By J. HUNGERFORD POLLEN. With Portrait and Two Engravings.

THE LITTLE ROBBERS. From a Painting by M. TEN KATE.

THE INTERNATIONAL ART EXHIBITION at MUNICH.—I. By JOHN FORBES ROBERTSON.

A RESTING PLACE. From the painting by GEORGE H. BROUGHTON, A.R.A.

TREASURE HOUSES of ART.—II. Lambeth Palace. By S. W. KERSHAW. With Seven Illustrations.

SOME ANACHRONISMS of ART. By JOHN OLD-CASTLE.

CASSELL, PETTER, GALPIN, & Co., Ludgate-hill, London.

Just published, Price 1s., post free 1s. 1d. at all booksellers and the bookstalls,

**PRACTICAL ARTIFICIAL INCUBATION.**

By EDWARD BROWN, editor of *The Fancier's Chronicle*, containing a Description of all the Machines now upon the market, with instructions how to Make, Work, and Successfully Manage Artificial Incubators; also, Hints on Artificial Rearing.

THE FANCIER'S CHRONICLE Publishing Co., Limited, 817, Strand, W.C., and 20, St. Nicholas' Churchyard, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

**NEW PUBLICATIONS.**

**THE REALITIES of FREE-**

MASONRY. By Mrs. BLAKE, author of "Twelve Months in Southern Europe." Demy 8vo., 9s.

**JACK'S EDUCATION; or, How He**

Learnt Farming. By Professor HENRY TANNER, F.C.S., Senior Member of the Royal Agricultural College, Examiner in the Principles of Agriculture under the Government Department of Science. Large crown 8vo., 4s.

**FARMING FOR PLEASURE and**

PROFIT. By ARTHUR ROLAND. Edited by William Ablett.

Vol. I.—DAIRY FARMING, MANAGEMENT of COWS, &c. Large crown 8vo., 6s.

Vol. II.—POULTRY KEEPING. Large crown 8vo., 5s.

Vol. III.—TREE PLANTING, for ornamentation or Profit. Suitable to every Soil and Situation. Large crown 8vo., 6s.

**LESSONS in HORSE JUDGING,**

and on the SUMMERING of HUNTERS. By W. FEARNLEY. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo., 4s.

CHAPMAN and HALL, 193, Piccadilly.

Now ready,

Crown 8vo., cloth extra, 2s. 6d.,

**SPORTING SKETCHES**

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

By

"BAGATELLE."

London: W. SWAN, SONNENSCHNEIN, & ALLEN, Paternoster-square.

**JUST OUT.**

**THE TIME OF ROSES.—New song**

by CHARLES EDWARD JERNINGHAM, author of the favourite melody "Memories." Post free 24 stamps. Hopwood and Crew, 42, New Bond-street.

**DRUCE and CO.—High-class FUR-**

NITURE.

**DRUCE and CO.—EARLY ENG-**

LISH FURNITURE.

**DRUCE and CO.—ARTISTIC FUR-**

NITURE and DECORATIONS.

**DRUCE and CO.—Most MODERATE**

CHARGES.

**DRUCE and CO.—150 BED-ROOM**

SUITES in STOCK.

**DRUCE and CO.—1,000 BRASS and**

IRON BEDSTEADS.

**DRUCE and CO.—CARPETS and**

CURTAINS.

**DRUCE and CO. MARK EVERY**

ARTICLE in PLAIN FIGURES.

**DRUCE and CO. have just added a**

large SHOW-ROOM, in which they are exhibiting suites of Dining-room Furniture in the Early English style, at the lowest cash prices.

**DRUCE and CO., Manufacturers of**

all kinds of Furniture, at most moderate prices, Estimates and Catalogues free.—68, 69, and 58, Baker-street, and 3 and 4, King-street, Portland-square, W.

**ACCIDENT INSURANCE COM-**

PANY (Limited), 7, Bank-buildings, Lothbury.

General Accidents. Personal Injuries.

Railway Accidents. Death by Accidents.

C. HARDING, Manager.

**GRATEFUL**

AND

COMFORTING.

**JAMES EPPS and CO.,**

HOMOEOPATHIC

CHEMISTS.

**EPPS'S**

COCOA.

Printed for the Proprietor by JAMES and GEORGE JUDD, at the office of Messrs. JUDD & Co., 4, 5, and 6, St. Andrew's-hill, Doctors' Commons, in the parish of St. Ann, in the City of London, and published by GEORGE MADDICK, Jun., at 148, Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, London.—SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1879.



## REVIEWS.

*Our Autumn Holiday on French Rivers.*  
By J. L. MOLLOY,  
with illustrations by  
LINLEY SAMBOURNE.  
London: Bradbury,  
Agnew, and Co.—In  
France hundreds of  
miles of delightful  
river scenery afford  
a means of aquatic  
enjoyment of which  
it is surprising to  
find how few avail  
themselves. The old  
well-trodden French  
tourist ground, pass-  
ing from town to  
town and village to  
village, may be some-  
what richer in his-  
torical antiquarian  
relics and tradition-  
ary lore, but for pic-  
turesque views far  
surpassing in loveli-  
ness those existing  
in the beaten road  
tracks, more rare in  
character, wilder,  
more romantic, and  
more richly varied,  
amidst rocky crags,  
wooded slopes, and  
secluded scenery of  
every picturesque  
variety, commend us  
to just that mode of  
enjoyment which Mr.  
Molloy so charm-  
ingly describes, and  
Mr. Linley Sam-  
bourne so cleverly  
illustrates in this  
bright, sparkling,  
and most amusing of  
books. As we pro-  
gress through its  
pages our enthu-  
siasm increases, and  
when the last page is  
reached we put it  
down with a sigh of  
regret. It makes you  
successively merry  
and pensive by  
touches, it excites  
you with dangerous  
adventure, it realises  
places and things  
with the skill of a  
clever sketcher in a  
few lines, it treats  
you to delicious  
little bits of old-  
world domestic life,  
which have drifted  
into forgotten nooks  
and corners; tells  
traditionary stories  
of the dark ages—  
not new, certainly,  
but always interest-  
ing when told in  
connection with the  
locality they really  
belong to—and in  
every page bristles  
with a cheerful fun-  
loving, adventure-  
seeking, heartily  
English spirit. A  
prominent member  
of the merry little  
tourist party, Gyp,  
sat at our feet as we  
read—only we call  
him John—generally  
Little John—and we  
quite understood the  
patient affection and  
loving care the little  
spoilt terrier, “good  
little doggy,” in-  
spired in the breast  
of his four genial  
and kindly com-  
panions. Thank you  
very much, Mr.  
Molloy, and thank  
you, too, Mr. Sam-  
bourne, only we wish  
your sketches had  
been more numerous.

*The Cause of Colour  
amongst Races.* By  
W. Sharpe, M.D.  
London: David  
Bogue. This is one  
of the smallest, thin-  
nest, and most  
curious of little  
books. If we were  
dark in complexion  
with black hair we  
might feel inclined  
to regard Dr.  
Sharpe's somewhat  
fanciful theory with  
more doubt. But  
while the author  
argues for “the fairer  
and more finely  
moulded in form ap-  
pearing to be much  
more gifted as re-  
gards intellectual



THE LATE MR. J. B. BUCKSTONE.



DINGO DOG—PEST OF AUSTRALIAN SHEEP FARMERS.

capacity” we at least ought to incline his way. If a fair wife and seven fair children do not influence our credulity, there still remains the fact that we are ourselves of a fair complexion, and that must needs plead for support in such a cause. It is, says our author, the darkening of the intellect consequent upon “the voluntary abandonment and sacrifice of the nobler principles of humanity to the sordid dictates of selfishness and the vile pursuits of unrestrained animal inclination,” that does “in time also bring about national and individual deterioration of character, and corresponding deteriorations of body expressed by physical ugliness. The people collectively will more and more diverge from the transcendent beauty of the ideal human form; the flowing and symmetrical lines of the latter being replaced by divers unsymmetrical variations, rapidly passing into general ugliness of bodily outline and facial expression. Even such deteriorations of physical form are now common in the very heart of our European civilisation. Side by side with the great ascending ranks of humanity are divers retrogressive and descending grades; and although this deterioration has hitherto been observed only in connection with the general moulding of the form, yet there is also present at times a certain muddiness of complexion and general coarseness of the skin, which is altogether different from, though often combined with, that dusky turgescence which is the result of disease, in which latter condition the skin, in addition to its ordinary healthy function as an excreting membrane, is made use of to throw off the strange and peccant humours of the blood, which otherwise would spread within unseen and clog the wheels of life. But though there is thus apparently in all civilised countries a certain limited retrogressive series of individuals to be met with in every station of life, yet it is also apparent that the majority are in a state of progress; so that if we look for an example of a whole people in a state of mental and physical deterioration, we must turn to some of the tribes of the South Sea Islands, or to the doomed aborigines of Australia. In the latter mental darkness, intensity of colour, and a physically deteriorated form are all combined.”

—o—  
THE Household Brigade Dragoons met at Eton College on Saturday last, where, after luncheon at the Victoria Barracks, Windsor, a select field assembled at three o'clock.



**SINGER'S** ARE PREFERRED because they are the  
**SEWING** cheapest and best.  
**MACHINES** Price from £4 4s.  
For Cash £4.

**SINGER'S** ARE PREFERRED because those unable  
**SEWING** to pay cash can acquire them on Hire at  
**MACHINES** 2s. 6d. per week, without addition to the  
price.

**SINGER'S** ARE PREFERRED by the Tailors, Dress  
**SEWING** and Mantle Makers, Corset, Stay and  
**MACHINES** Skirt Makers, Shirt and Collar Makers.

**SINGER'S** ARE PREFERRED by the Hat and Cap  
**SEWING** Makers, Shoe Makers and Boot Repairers,  
**MACHINES** and Saddlers.

**SINGER'S** ARE PREFERRED by the Upholsterers,  
**SEWING** Umbrella and Parasol Makers, Sail and  
**MACHINES** Tent Makers, and by all who have Sewing  
to do.

**SINGER'S** ARE PREFERRED because they are the  
**SEWING** most complete in valuable improvements,  
**MACHINES** and the easy terms of payment bring them  
within the reach of the poorest seamstress.

**SINGER'S** ARE PREFERRED because of their high  
**SEWING** repute and constantly increasing sale.  
**MACHINES** In 1878 the sales were 356,432  
Machines.

**SINGER'S** ARE PREFERRED because they execute  
**SEWING** perfect work, with uniform facility, upon  
**MACHINES** the heaviest Cloth or the finest Muslin.

**SINGER'S** IMPORTANT NOTICE.—After being en-  
**SEWING** gaged in litigation for nine years, THE  
**MACHINES** SINGER MANUFACTURING COMPANY, in a  
Chancery suit recently heard before Vice-  
Chancellor Sir JAMES BACON,

**SINGER'S** HAVE ESTABLISHED their exclusive  
**SEWING** right to the use of the name "SINGER," as  
**MACHINES** applied to Sewing Machines.

**SINGER'S** THE PUBLIC are cautioned that "SINGER"  
**SEWING** or "SINGER'S" Sewing Machines are only  
**MACHINES** made by THE SINGER MANUFACTURING  
COMPANY,

**SINGER'S** WHO KEEP THEM ON SALE at their Offices in  
**SEWING** all the towns of the United Kingdom. See  
**MACHINES** addresses in this district as below.

**SINGER'S** BEWARE OF PERSONS who, having no  
**SEWING** good trade repute of their own, USE OUR  
**MACHINES** NAME, SINGER, to palm off counterfeit  
Machines of inferior construction and  
manufacture.

**SINGER'S** EVERY "SINGER" MACHINE has the Com-  
**SEWING** pany's name printed upon the top of the  
**MACHINES** Arm, and impressed upon the Brass Trade-  
Mark Plate.

**SINGER'S** TO AVOID DECEPTION, buy only at the  
**SEWING** Offices of THE SINGER MANUFACTURING  
**MACHINES** COMPANY (formerly I. M. Singer and Co.).

**SINGER'S** CHIEF COUNTING-HOUSE IN EUROPE: 39,  
**SEWING** FOSTER-LANE, CHEAPSIDE,  
**MACHINES** LONDON, E.C.

**SINGER'S** And 267 other Branch Offices throughout  
**SEWING** the United Kingdom.  
**MACHINES**

## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

It is particularly requested that all Letters intended for the Editorial Department of this Paper be addressed to the Editor, and not to any individual who may be known in connection with it; and must be accompanied by the writer's name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of rejected communications, and to this rule he can make no exception. All business communications to be addressed to the MANAGER.

## TO OUR FOREIGN SUBSCRIBERS.

THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS is so rapidly increasing its foreign and colonial circulation that its managers consider it their duty to provide material which they deem specially to the taste of distant supporters. With this end in view, the managers will be glad to receive sketches or photographs of important events which occur in any of those countries in which this paper now circulates. A Special Edition is printed on thin paper, and forwarded post free to any part of the world, at the rate of £1 9s. 2d. per annum, payable in advance. The yearly subscription for the ordinary thick paper edition is £1 13s. 6d.

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION (POST-FREE), INLAND.

Yearly	...	...	...	...	...	£1 7 0
Half-Yearly	...	...	...	...	...	0 14 0
Quarterly	...	...	...	...	...	0 7 0

All P.O. Orders to be made payable to Mr. GEORGE MADDICK, JUN., at East Strand Post Office. Cheques crossed "CITY BANK," Old Bond-street.

OFFICES 148, STRAND, W.C.

THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS is to be had on the day of publication at M. K. NILSSON'S Library, 212, Rue de Rivoli, Paris.

## PARIS INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, 1878.

## THE ONLY "GRAND PRIX"

IN CLASSES 17 AND 18, FOR

## FURNITURE,

INEXPENSIVE AND ARTISTIC,

WAS AWARDED TO

## JACKSON and GRAHAM,

OXFORD STREET, LONDON.

IN ADDITION TO

GRAND PRIZE (Ehren Diplom), Vienna, 1873,

The Sole Highest Award for English Furniture.

MEDAL, for "Great Excellence of Design and Workmanship," London, 1862.

HORS CONCOURS, Paris, 1867.

GOLD MEDAL OF HONOUR for "Improvements in English Furniture," Paris, 1855.

PRIZE MEDAL, Great Exhibition, London, 1851.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

## DRAMATIC.

B.—We replied to your former letter last week. William Mountford was born in 1659. He was known not only as a great actor, but as a poet. In person he was tall, fair, and well-proportioned, and he had a clear, full, melodious voice. Dryden speaks of his utterances as falling:—"Like flakes of feather'd snow They melted as they fell."

He was assassinated, when thirty-three years old, by Lord Mohun and his friend Captain Hill, an "officer and gentleman" of scandalous morals, and despicable life. Mountford was a married man at the time of his death, and there is, we believe, no real ground for supposing the tie between himself and Mrs. Bracegirdle was other than one of respectful, if earnest, friendship. Mountford wrote three dramas and numerous prologues, epilogues, &c. As a companion he is said to have been very amusing and genial, full of anecdote and merry jests.

SPANGLES.—The late Mr. Robson's son and namesake made his first appearance as Ulysses in Mr. Burnand's burlesque at the St. James's Theatre, on April 22, 1865.

F. L. C.—1. Mr. Davenport, the American actor, was announced to play Shylock as a "high comedy" part some few years since in New York. He wore a fair wig and beard. 2. Mr. Bancroft played it in a similar spirit, but in neither country was the innovation accepted as a justifiable one. 3. See drama.

ANTI-PANTOMIME.—The stage-fairy's complaint had more sentiment than reality in it. To make ladies of her profession appear to move in the air, their feet are placed on a stand about eight inches square, to which is attached a long flat iron bar, rising perpendicularly with a circular piece of iron to clasp their waists, and straps to fasten them securely to it. The audience, if they see anything of their means of support, see only the thin edge of the flat bar, which is rendered more or less invisible by foil-papery, spangled ribbons, and gauze drapery or garlands. Their position is, no doubt, just what it generally appears to be—not altogether a comfortable one—and is no more suggestive of flying or floating than the moving of a doll's legs is of walking; but it is a perfectly safe one, and has no right to be called "merciless and cruel."

I. M.—Not untrue. Dryden says himself that he was a grave man who did not shine in witty and humorous conversation.

B. D. WARD.—In 1752 a temporary wooden theatre was erected in the Castle-yard, Glasgow, by Mr. Lee. It caused a riot. Mr. Whitfield preached against it, and a mob of fanatical weavers attacked, and nearly destroyed, the building. Many were wounded, but no lives were lost. A permanent, properly-built theatre was not in Glasgow until 1762, when Messrs. Beat and Love, and five other gentlemen, bought some ground of Mr. Miller, a Maltman, for which they paid him the very exorbitant price of five shillings the square yard. Another mob, at the instigation of another pious preacher, set fire to it on the eve of its being opened. It was repaired and opened despite the strongest opposition, but it was not successful, and was occasionally used by Edinburgh and strolling companies until 1763, when Mr. Williams, an itinerant manager of great energy and cleverness, took it on lease for three years. Space will not enable us to follow its fortunes.

AN OLD ACTOR.—Mr. Buckstone's memoirs were announced by the Press as on the eve of publication some years since. Why they have not appeared we cannot tell. Such a book would command a good price, and doubtless enjoy a large sale.

A. HUNTER.—Savage's "Sir Thomas Overbury" was altered for the stage by Mr. William Woodfall, and revived at Covent Garden in 1776.

E. VIAN.—Charles Kean's first real "hit" was made in the part of Sir Edward Mortimer in *The Iron Chest* at the Haymarket Theatre, in October 1829. John Kemble, when he first played the same part, is said to have failed—but it must be remembered that he was then in bad health.

F. W. T.—Mr. Thorne plays the part of Caleb Decie in *Two Roses*, with his eyes closed, and the reason he gives, is that open and apparently sightless eyes would be a spectacle too painful for comedy.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

LIBRARIAN.—He probably meant Sir John Germain, who on his death-bed willed two hundred pounds to Sir Matthew Decker, to be given by him to the poor, stating that he had the greatest confidence in his carrying out the trust, as he had already given the world such a proof of his piety "in having written St. Matthew's Gospel." Lord Orford says, "Sir John's gross ignorance in this respect, although almost incredible, is confirmed by what happened at his death. Lady Betty Berkeley (sister of the earl of that name, his wife), being a very pious woman, proposed that he should receive the Sacrament. He asked would it do him any good? She said she had no doubt it would. Accordingly it was administered to him. Shortly afterwards he called his wife to his bedside, and said, with a sigh, 'That thing you gave me has done me no good.' He, poor man, took it for a medicine." Sir John was originally a mere soldier of fortune in the Low Countries. His first wife was a Duchess of Norfolk.

O. D.—The lines run:—

"I live by law, a Protestant true Blue,  
All taxes pay, and am to Church so true  
I make my assignments in a pew."

They occur in the prologue to *Volunteers*, a comedy by that portly, bottle-loving dramatist, Shadwell, Poet Laureate, were written by D'Urfey, and were spoken originally by Mrs. Bracegirdle. Shadwell was dead when this play was first produced.

G. B.—Dame Julianna Barnes' "Treatyse on Fysshynge, Hawkyng, and Huntynge," has been several times printed, but not, we think, for many years past. She was Prioress of the Nunnery of Sopwell, near Saint Albans, in or about 1470, and is still esteemed highly by every learned brother of the angle.

S. P. K.—You should get a copy of Mr. J. H. Pollen's "Ancient and Modern Furniture," published by Messrs. Chapman and Hall.

A. B.—You require a proper education in the elementary principles of drawing, and considerable practice before you will be able to turn your art labours to pecuniary account.

## THE ILLUSTRATED

## Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1879.

## AQUATIC NOBBLERS.

A DAILY sporting contemporary has rendered good service to all interested in the credit and welfare of rowing and its professors, by opening its columns from day to day to information flowing from presumably trustworthy sources with reference to the extraordinary proceedings in connection with the Hanlan-Courtney scandal. America is so essentially the country of extravagance and sensation, that the occurrence of extraordinary and unexpected episodes in the world of sport as well as that of politics never take us quite by surprise, accustomed as we have become to have our "dishes of gossip" from Transatlantic sources highly spiced and teeming with all sorts of bewildering accessories in the way of garnish. But we confess to have been fairly staggered by recent revelations, and the more we read the more we are inclined to rub our eyes and to wonder if the narration of all these sensational incidents be not a hideous dream. Only a short time ago it seemed as though things aquatic in this country had taken a new lease of life after a period of depression; for rowing was "looking up" everywhere, and there were not wanting generous and public-spirited well wishers of the sport who were content to throw all their influence as well as money into the scale in order to ensure, as it were, a "new departure" for a manly and healthy English pastime. Sculling, one of its chief and most interesting departments, was specially taken by the hand, and prizes provided for the purpose of bringing together the flower of aquatic athletes from every quarter of the globe. All appeared to be going as merry as marriage bells, when on a sudden we were frightened from our propriety by shadowy rumours, gradually shaping themselves into solid facts, of the *fiasco* which has furnished food for so much comment on both sides of the Atlantic, and to the truth in connection with which we may be said to have penetrated, so far, at least, as actualities opposed to motives are concerned. Into the full story of the scandal, with all its nauseating details, we have neither the desire nor the inclination to enter; neither shall we follow the subsequent course of events, encumbered as such a narration must be with matter purely extraneous to the present situation. Suffice it for the purpose, then, to state, that the contest between the rival scullers was prematurely nipped in the bud by the refusal of Courtney to meet his opponent, for the apparently good and satisfactory reason that he had, in turf language, been "nobbled," by the sawing asunder of his racing craft by some miscreant as yet undiscovered, and, we may add, likely to remain unknown. This untoward event, happening, as it did, on the very eve of the race, of course fairly "set by the ears" the multitude assembled to witness the race; but it soon came to be whispered abroad that evidence was forthcoming of connivance with the "outrage," and we must admit that a very black case indeed is partially made out against certain individuals interested in the non-success of their man. We shall leave our readers to wade through, if they choose so to do, the farrago of so-called "special and exclusive information" which has found its way across the Atlantic, putting varied complexions upon the case in all its different aspects, but, nevertheless, forcing us to the conclusion that all has not been "square" in connection with the Hanlan-Courtney match. In America they seem to gloat over delicious tit-bits of gossip forked out from the seething cauldron of scandal which simmers over the fire of public curiosity; and what we in this country should endeavour to hide away from the public gaze, Brother Jonathan drags forth into the brightest light of day, as if rejoicing in the contemplation of its ugliest and most revolting lineaments.

All the parties to the disgraceful transactions we have felt it our duty to place on record, appeared to have been interviewed, *more Americano*, by reporters of every journal circulating in the country, with the result of disclosing as pitiful a tale of chicanery and deceit as it is possible to conceive. We cannot see that any of Courtney's party can claim to come out of the business with clean hands; but at the same time such heavy counter accusations have been brought against the opposing faction that Hanlan's friends will probably find some difficulty in making clear to the world the purity of their intentions, or their non-complicity with the deep laid schemes which have been partially revealed in the course of investigation by the press. At present the case presents such a hopeless tangle of assertions, counter-assertions, and contradictions, that we cannot hope entirely to sift the wheat from the chaff; but the plan of the conspirators would seem to have been sufficiently carefully devised as to make it appear that the damage done to Courtney's boats was the act of a person or persons unconnected with the rival oarsmen. This much, at least, we gather from the voluminous mass of evidence before us; but, putting complicity out of the question, we can find no name bad enough for the miscreant who lent his services to so base a job; and it is evident that the cause of professional rowing must, for some time at least, suffer in public opinion for the episode which has provoked such universal disgust and contempt among former patrons of the sport. That the stigma attaching to it will in some degree affect rowing generally there is too much reason to believe; but we in England shall speedily live down the reproach, provided that due care is taken to hold at arm's length the perpetrators of the latest thing in "nobblers," and to discourage any further proposed participation in trials of skill likely to be accompanied by such highly objectionable surroundings.

Henceforward, we seriously hope, no opportunity or occasion will be afforded to English professional oarsmen of placing themselves in such a position as to be associated (in the very slightest degree) with doings such as we have seen fit to comment upon in no measured terms. Some sort of disappointment we must naturally feel at the prospect of severing all connection with colonial and continental elements in the matter of rowing; but it is far better these interests should be allowed to "go by the



board" than that we should place ourselves in the position of becoming parties to proceedings similar to those which will long render the Hanlan-Courtney episode infamous in aquatic annals. The title "champion of the world" is doubtless a high-sounding one, and naturally attractive to the class from which our professional scullers are chiefly recruited; but on the "win, tie, or wrangle" principle on which recent contests appear to have been conducted, half a dozen rival claimants to the honour may be disputing among themselves, to the scandal of the art which they profess and to the degradation of its pursuit. It is to be regretted that recent guerdons and endowments towards the maintenance of friendly international rivalry should be destined to fall short of the objects, eminently worthy in themselves, for which they were founded; but we shall surely find plenty to do at home in encouraging and raising the tone of rowing without running the risk of imbroglis with colonial swagger or continental cuteness. Rowing is fortunate in the possession of staunch and liberal patrons in this country, even if they cannot be dubbed quite "Corinthian;" but we have no desire to see the task of upholding its professors placed in the hands of persons lower in the social scale than its present supporters. But these will inevitably take alarm at the bare idea of becoming mixed up in such scandals as we have felt bound publicly to condemn, and therefore we counsel the withdrawal of England from the area of "international" competition while there is yet time.

### THE MAGAZINES.

It is a long time since a better number of the *Cornhill* has been issued. For Mr. Black's story, "White Wigs," we do not much care. The writer seems to exaggerate and burlesque his familiar style, and he is not a little monotonous. The other story progresses very well, and the rest of the papers are of considerable interest. "An Elderly Romance" is an extremely pleasant story. Sometimes we feel sure Miss Thackeray must be the author, though it may possibly be by some diligent and accomplished student of her style. "Dinners and Literature," "Forms of Salutation," "The Apologies for Art," and "Animal Music" are all admirable, written by those who thoroughly understand their subject, and have brought native wit to the assistance of research. On every other page we find something we should like to quote. Concerning the effect of music on animals, the writer says:—

"It is certain that the songs of birds, as well as most other forms of musical sounds, have as their express object the charming of female ears. It is fairly certain, too, that the presence of a quasi-melodic element in many of the animal cries, e.g., the neighing of the horse, is to be accounted for by its being pleasurable to the ears of the particular animal's companions. One may even suppose that in many sounds, as the crowing of the cock, the individual that utters the music enjoys the result of its own performances.

"The question naturally arises whether sensibility to the pleasurable character of musical sounds is not much more widely diffused among animals than would appear from the quantity of music which they produce. The fact that birds, when confined, are excited and stimulated to song by the sound of other birds or other musical sounds, seems to point to the presence of a wide and catholic musical sensibility. The many stories of the wonderful effects of music in taming wild animals, if there is any truth in them, would appear to show that species which are incapable of uttering anything like musical sounds are endowed with the corresponding musical sensibility. It is a well-attested fact, we believe, that the dolphin follows a ship in which music is performed. Brehm says that the horse is delighted with the note of a trumpet. And, according to the same authority, even the dog, which is apparently tormented by the notes of a soprano voice, remains undisturbed by those of a bass voice."

From the stern views of the artistic essayist, we extract the following reproach and expostulation:—

"If a critic chooses to praise the exquisite tone of an artist's skies, notwithstanding that they are generally painted of a green colour, instead of a blue, he would be demonstrably wrong according to fact and Ruskin; but he would not be wrong at all according to the new theories, unless the critic discovered that sky to be aesthetically defective. This instance may seem an absurd one; in truth, however, it has actually occurred. There is an artist who habitually paints his skies green, and his pictures, especially the 'tone' of his skies, have lately received almost universal commendation; though as I heard an eminent Chancery barrister say, plaintively, 'I don't like a green sky at noonday.'

"If, then, we cannot learn from the critics any intelligible statement of what Art is, and wherein its chief power consists, can we learn it from the painters themselves? Alas! one look round the Academy walls is a sufficient answer. It is not only that the mass of the pictures are bad as pictures, for they frequently show a high amount of technical skill and conquered difficulty, and they are pretty enough, perhaps too pretty; but wherever we turn we find hardly a picture which seems to have any ulterior motive save that of temporarily pleasing the eye—we find no sign of the painter having any real theory as to the worth of his vocation. One man has studied Michael Angelo, and another has Gérôme; this painter does draperies, and that one donkeys; we have 'penitents' and 'policemen' and 'princes' of various kinds, but the student of Angelo hates the student of Gérôme, and the painter of draperies despises him of the donkeys; and the prince, the penitent, and the policeman are all at deadly feud; there is no trace throughout of any one binding principle in which all agree, nor any sign that there is a common factor which is to be found in all their pictures. Nor, as a rule, is there such a common factor—why? Because nine-tenths of our pictures are articles of manufacture, not works of Art; productions concocted, like a *vol-au-vent*, with a certain amount of skill and care, in which the ingredients are always much the same, and the result can be predicted without hesitation. The same conclusion will be arrived at by any one who is conversant with artists' uttered opinions, especially such as are delivered freely enough amongst themselves.

"It is strictly true that there is no society in which you gain so low an estimate of the worth of Art as in that of artists. It is not only that they do not believe in one another, that is comprehensible enough, but they do not even as a rule believe in themselves; they have no deep-seated conviction that they are doing good work in, perhaps, the finest profession in the world, but they fix their standards of merit by almost any other test than their own knowledge—whether their pictures are accepted, well hung, praised by the critics, admired by the public, bought by the dealers, engraved, chromoed, or photographed. Of all these things have I found artists very proud; but as far as I can remember I have never known an artist simply proud of having painted a good picture, I mean a picture which he *knew* to be good, but which was not generally appreciated."

*Baily* gives a good portrait of the Duke of Grafton, and contains several noteworthy papers. "F. G." writes an admirably just and appreciative notice of the greatest of English novelists, W. M. Thackeray, under the title of "Nullum tēgit quod non ornabit." The article is in striking contrast to the mean-spirited essay lately published by Mr. Anthony Trollope. We wonder whether "F. G." saw the splendid criticism on the unworthy artist in a recent number of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. The review was one of the best that has been written since Macaulay wrote notices of books for the *Edinburgh Review*. For Mr. Trollope as a novelist we have much hearty respect, but that he altogether fails to appreciate the supreme value of Thackeray's work is as obvious as it is strange. A writer, whom we are proud to mention as a constant contributor to our own columns—"Amphion"—sends a forcibly written protest against some evils which have lately become painfully prominent on the Turf. The paper is entitled "A Plague Spot in our Racing System." It cannot fail to effect much good, and, for writing it boldly and fearlessly as he has done, "Amphion" merits the hearty thanks of all who have the best interests of the Turf at heart. "Our Van" is driven as skillfully as usual. Besides his intimate knowledge of sport, the "Driver's" criticisms on theatrical matters are—with a considerable leaven of kindness—very just. The list of "Hounds, Masters, Huntsmen, Whips, Kennels," &c., is given as usual in the November number. It is thus that "F. G." concludes his paper on Thackeray:—

"As to Thackeray himself, those of us who have lived in London all our lives must have seen him frequently, as his commanding figure, and quick, observant eye, and a habit—which Lord Macaulay also had—of talking to himself, attracted general attention, and people turned round and said, 'That's Thackeray!' It was many years after the commencement of his career that he was well-known and appreciated by the public. He 'educated his party,' and taught thinking men to believe that it was good for them to have their shortcomings pointed out, and to sift out for themselves motives for their conduct in life, and to be charitable to the shortcomings of others—for that is the moral of Thackeray's writings. I met him personally twice at his own house by appointment; on the first occasion, twenty-five years ago, as an utter stranger, who had requested his aid in getting an introduction to a magazine—and had he been my own father he could not have taken more trouble or been kinder; on the second occasion, in 1860, it was about a magazine article which he was kind enough to accept; and on the third occasion, at the Hôtel des Deux Mondes, in Paris, when on mentioning to him the fact that an old Scotch retired officer, who got drunk at a café in the Palais Royal every night, and who spoke the worst possible French in the broadest Highland dialect, to the amusement of all, tried to pass himself off as a Frenchman, and pretended not to understand English, and would be a capital subject for a 'Round-about Paper,' he answered, 'Is it quite fair to laugh at a possibly brave old fellow in his cups?'

"I saw him last in the street, just outside my own house in Cadogan-place, on the day before Christmas Eve, 1863, with two ladies, stopping a party of three poor little Sunday-school children who had come for their prize tickets, and who had taken toll out of two large hampers of plum-cakes, bon-bons, &c., which had been sent to my children by kind friends, and which were open on the table, some of which, with an eye to keeping the doctor out of the house, I was glad to get rid of. He stooped down and tasted the cakes, and laughed with the little women—I only wish I knew what he said—and his hand went into his pocket, and a 'pecuniary transaction took place,' (as he used to say); and, to my horror, on looking at the *Times* the next morning, I read that that generous hand, which was always open in kindness, was still for ever. In honest truth I believe that he deserves the motto which heads this article, and that amongst the best moral works and best models for pure classical English are the writings of Thackeray. It is devoutly to be hoped that some day the family will publish his private life, entrusting the work to loving friends who made the pilgrimage with him and knew him well."

The *Gentleman's* is no exception to the general rule of excellence which seems to prevail among the magazines this month. The Member for the Chiltern Hundreds assumes, upon somewhat insufficient grounds, that there will be a Liberal majority at the next general election, and he gives his idea of how the Ministry will be formed. We may fervently hope that the destinies of this country may never be influenced by such violent and narrow-minded personages as the Duke of Argyll, Messrs. Gladstone, Grant Duff, Bright, and Chamberlain. We have no politics, and do not care whether Lord Salisbury or Lord Hartington is at the Foreign Office (in the scheme Lord Granville is set down for Premier). But let our rulers, whether they be Liberal or Conservative, have some regard for the honour and reputation of the country. Mr. C. Halford Thompson contributes a valuable paper on "American Storm Warnings," and M. Catulle Mendès continues his criticism of "Recent French Poets," with English translations by Mr. Arthur O'Shaughnessy, who carries out with some fidelity the spirit of the originals. "Red Skinner"—a wanderer in foreign lands, whose name we recognise with pleasure: his friends do not forget him—sends a charming "soliloquy" called "Best Day Memories." Need we say it is on fishing? We cannot resist the temptation of borrowing a big slice:—

"Down in Wessex lies the scene of my best-day memory of pike. There were occasions when I caught more fish at line-baiting, but that is a process of which one ought not to be as proud as of the more workmanlike method of spinning. This was a spinning day pure and simple. The sport was good; the adjuncts were enjoyable. It was in a lake in an ancient park, and a right glorious November day. November bears so bad a character on the whole that it should be a matter of honour to say a good word in its behalf whenever possible. October had been fine throughout. A day or two of drizzling rain fell at its close, and afterwards cloudless sunshine set in. This brought us to Guy-Faux Day, and it was on that historical date that I found the autumn tints such as I have never seen them for magnificence at any other time. Then I had a comfortable boat, an obliging attendant to pull it, and plenty of fresh, medium-sized dace for bait. The lake, if left to itself, would have been choked with *anacharis*, but the proprietor, by means of a machine driven by steam—a sort of submarine plough—kept certain portions clear. The pike I knew would not at this time of the year be absolutely amongst the weeds if they could avoid it; for they prefer cover without a taint of decay; but I reckoned rightly that I should meet with them in the water-lanes through which the machine had been driven. One large triangle in the vent of the bait was sufficient tackle. I am not certain that more elaborate flights are better anywhere; for weedy water I should have no reservation. From ten o'clock till five, with half an hour for luncheon, I worked hard, acquired a grand shoulder-ache that lasted me three days, and covered the bottom of the boat with close upon three-quarters of a hundredweight of pike in prime condition. The largest fish ought to have weighed twenty, but it only turned the scale at sixteen pounds. According to the recognised rules of the game, this fellow should have been taken in the deepest water; but it was a fish that could probably afford to set rules at defiance. I struck it, anyhow, in less than six-

teen inches of water, and when I least expected it. We had worked our way to a shallow end of the lake, where the submarine plough had not ventured, and observing one clear space in a waste of *anacharis*, I threw into and spun across it, moving a fish that went into the weeds beyond. It went so leisurely, and made so distinct a track, that I, more out of curiosity than anything else, gave it a second chance. The bait was for a moment entangled in the weeds, but was released easily. There was then a sudden splash that could be heard afar, and a furious running out of line. A salmon would not have fought more gamely than did this jack during a splendid quarter of an hour. Another five minutes, and it would have got away scot free; for it was held by one hook only of the triangle; even this had been much strained in the tussle, and it came away the moment the gaff was driven in. The fish were conveyed to town in the luggage van, and some of my angling friends were driven wild with envy at the sight of the paraded slain.

"If Nawabs have memories, and the Nawab Nazim of Bengal should to-day be thinking in his Indian palace, as I am in the Queensland bush, of the same subject, he will remember that summer day in hay-time when we sat side by side roach-fishing in the Colne, and how we both agreed, after it was over, that it was the best day's bottom-fishing we had ever had. He made this admission to me with the gravity natural to an Oriental potentate; I, not having so many jewels and claims against the Government on my mind, with, I hope, not unbecoming jubilation. But we were both in earnest. The worthy Hindoo and his son were adepts in this modest branch of the gentle art, and the Nawab, spite of his big spectacles, could detect a bite as if he had been a roach-fisher all his days. Any other description of angling would, I presume, have been alien to the tastes of an Oriental, but this offered a minimum of exertion. I seated myself a respectable distance above their highnesses, and if now and then my pricked fish disturbed their 'swim,' they must admit they received the full benefit of my ground-bait, which, as the balls gradually dissolved, crept down to sharpen the appetites of the fish within their sphere. The Nawab used one of those immense bamboo rods the sections of which have to be unshipped at the taking of every fish, and whenever re-baiting is necessary. This I am aware is the regulation mode amongst Thames and sea roach-anglers; but its clumsiness always forbade my cultivating it. A light rod and fine running line were more to my fancy, even though I had occasionally to pay for its indulgence by losses."

Mr. Edward Walford—who is about to bring out a new monthly called *The Antiquary*—writes us "A Pilgrimage to Glastonbury," and Mrs. Lynn Linton's novel, "Under What Lord?" well sustains its interest.

We are terribly afraid that Mr. Charles Gibbons, author of "Queen of the Meadow" in *Belgravia*, is aesthetic according to the modern school of aestheticism, which is equally compounded of affectation and folly. Some of his phrases look painfully like it, and we earnestly warn him to take care. Thus, for instance, Michael Hazell rescues Walton from drowning, and the latter is made to say, "I'm done up, that's all. I never thought before that—that the water was such a giant." We do not believe that Walton would have said anything so like seventeenth rate poetry. The new number contains a story by Mr. Bret Harte, called "Peter Schroeder," powerfully worked up and most effectively ended. We had marked the final passages for quotation, but on second thoughts will not destroy the interest of those who read the story. The famous Payn has an amusing paper on "Swanage," which, for the benefit of the ignorant, we may observe is a village on the Devonshire coast. The inhabitants are a most interesting study. Of them Mr. Payn writes:—

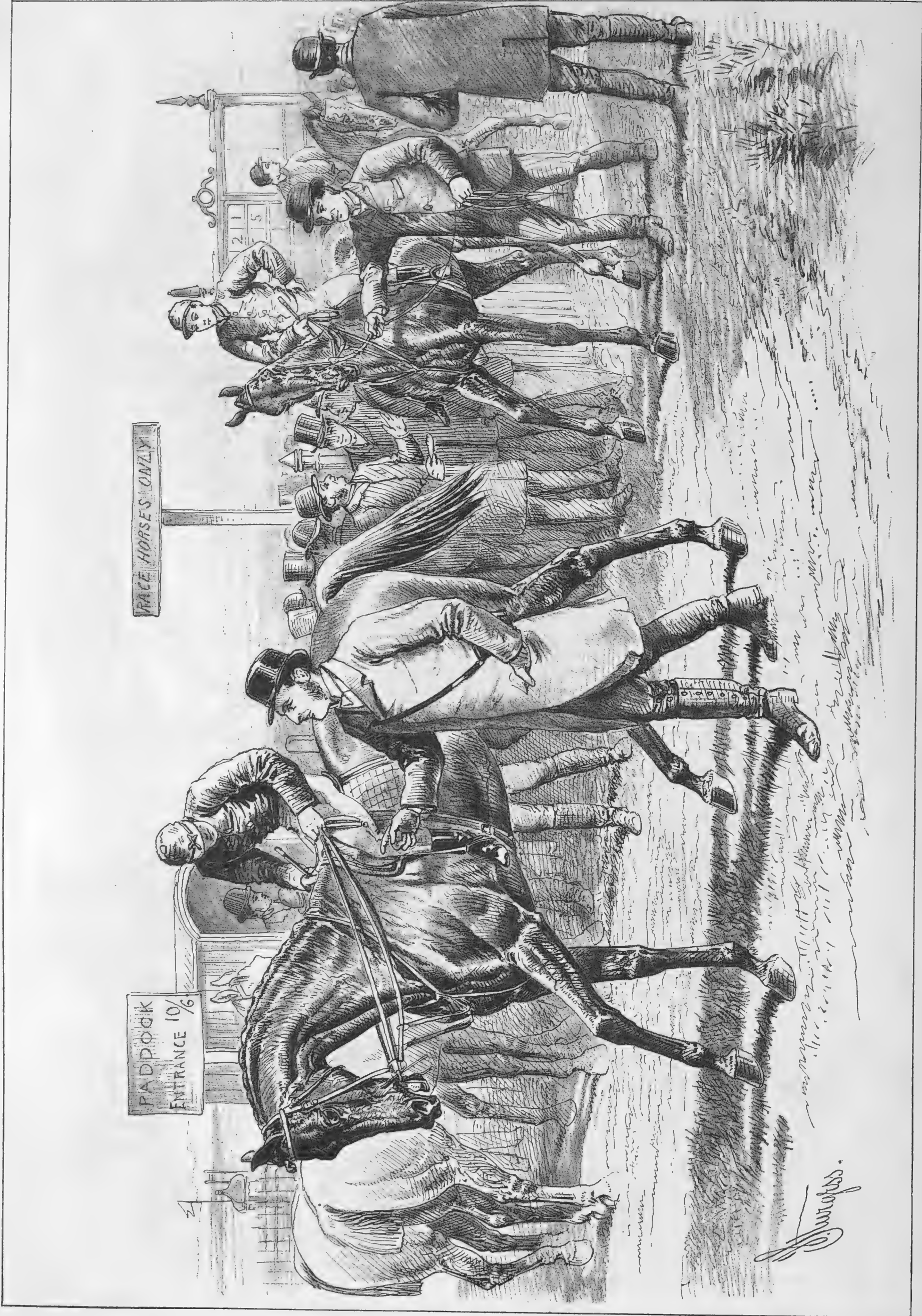
"There are in that village some people by no means without a desire for information. We saw a Studland farmer once in the Swanage post-office who was most particularly curious as to which corner of an envelope the stamp should be placed upon, and who, when he was informed, expressed a great sense of satisfaction: he had found, he said, much difference of opinion on the point among his friends, and that would now be cleared up."

"The simplicity of the inhabitants of the neighbourhood is indeed most extraordinary, and what is quite as great a rarity in these days—their good manners. A universal civility reigns everywhere—and a good humour (though they are not particularly prosperous) that would put most Londoners to shame. The magnificent air of the place, doubtless, favourably affects their livers; modesty forbids our saying that it produced any great moral improvement in our own case, but it swelled our appetite to giant size. At the hotel, which is an old-fashioned manor-house adapted to that purpose, and admirably conducted, we used positively to feel pangs of conscience after the *table d'hôte*, to think that we were boarded by the day, and had taken such advantage of it. From its windows, which look upon the bay, you see all that comes by land as well as by sea, because every vehicle has to drive in front of the inn before it can turn round—the narrowness of the street not admitting of that manœuvre. The maxim that 'everything comes to those who wait' has therefore a very practical application to the hotel guests, and in some cases the sense of this perhaps encourages indolence. But for the pedestrian in Swanage there is paradise on all sides. For miles and miles one can follow the coastguard path along the cliffs to southward—here dipping into creek and cove, there ascending the giddy headland: and on the north we can picnic above Handfast Point and gaze on the huge pillars of chalk that the sea has isolated from it, and watch the cormorants at their feast beneath us. One of these pillars is called by a name never mentioned to ears polite; and another never mentioned at all, except in a story we remember connected with a lunatic asylum. One of the poor patients used to imagine he had married the devil's daughter—he would have got on very well with the old people," he said, "except for his mother-in-law"; the smaller pillar opposite Handfast Point is named after her—"Old Harry's Wife"; the larger of course being Old Harry. According to one archeological theory (and the popular one), the neighbourhood is indebted to the same naturally distinguished personage for the Agglestone."

We do not care for Mr. Austin Dobson's "Sermon in Stone." It reminds one of Mr. Locker's "A Human Skull," contributed years ago to the *Cornhill*, and touched by Thackeray; and Mr. Dobson's verses may not, in this instance, at any rate, be compared with Mr. Locker's. Among the rest of the number, an article by Mr. R. A. Proctor, on "Expected Meteoric Display" deserves notice.

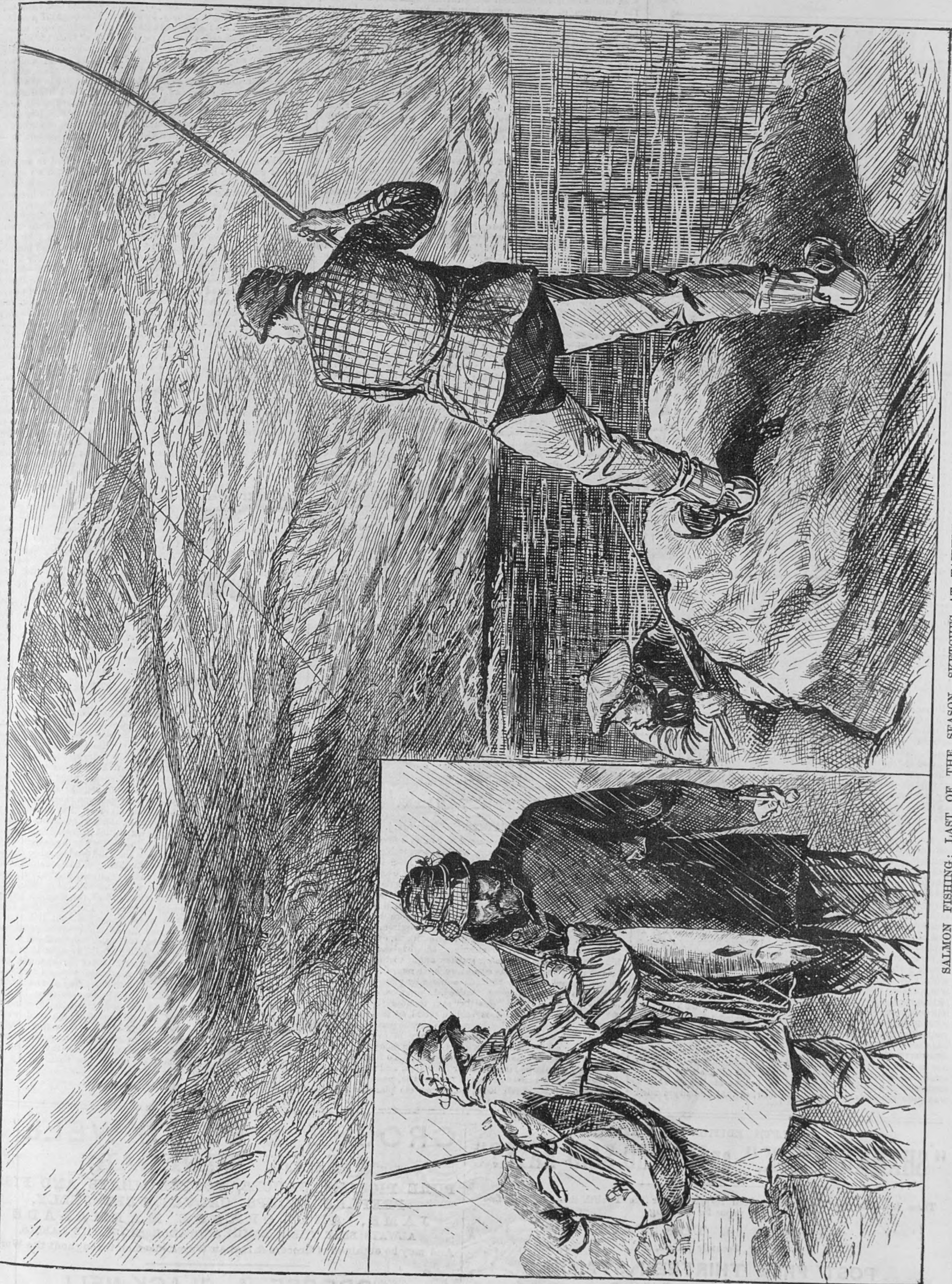
*The University Magazine*.—Besides the continuation of the two novels, "Ichabod" and "Over the Threshold," and a portrait with well written notice of Mr. T. A. Edison—No. 23 of Contemporary Portraits—there are well varied papers in the month's number. "Notes on Farrar's 'Life and Works of St. Paul,'" by "A Hostile Critic," is thoughtfully and ably written. A short paper on "Charles Lever," written by a relative of the delightful novelist, will be gratefully read by all who have a friendly feeling for him—and who has not that has ever taken up one of his cheery and most pleasant volumes? The paper is sadly short. We like, too, "A Plea for the Quill," though it is with a steel pen that we say so.





"FINAL INSTRUCTIONS."





SALMON FISHING: LAST OF THE SEASON.—SKETCHES AT TAYNUILT, RIVER AWE, ARGYLESCHIRE.



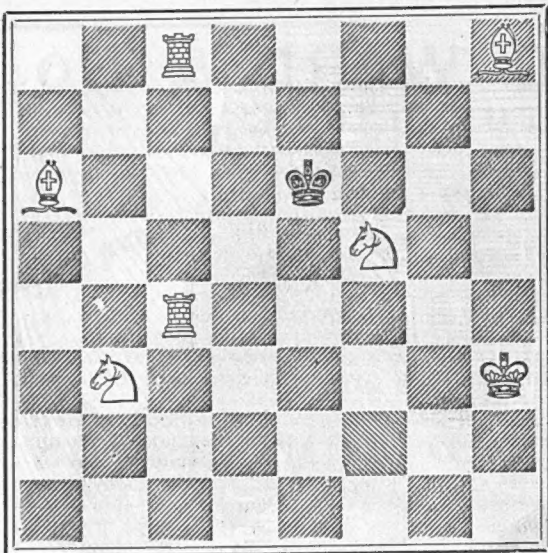


CHess.

Answers to correspondents unavoidably postponed.

PROBLEM No. 254.

By J. THURSDY.  
BLACK.



WHITE.  
White to play and mate in two moves.

CHess IN LONDON.

An instructive game played last week at Simpson's Divan, between Mr. James Mason and a strong amateur.

WHITE. (Mr. Mason.)	BLACK. (Mr. Mason.)	WHITE. (Mr. Mason.)	BLACK. (Mr. Mason.)
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	21. Q takes Q	K takes Q
2. Kt to K B 3	Kt to Q B 3	22. K R to K 3	R takes R
3. B to Kt 5	Kt to B 3	23. R takes R	R to Q Kt sq
4. Castles	P to Q 3 (a)	24. R to K 2	R to K 3
5. Kt to B 3	B to Q 2	25. P to K Kt 4	P takes P (en pass)
6. B takes Kt	P takes B	26. P takes P	R takes P
7. P to Q 4	P takes P	27. P to Q B 4	R to R 3
8. Q takes P	P to B 4	28. P to Kt 3	R to R 6
9. Q to Q 3	B to B 3	29. P to K Kt 4	P to R 4
10. B to Kt 5	B to K 2	30. K to B 2	P to R 5
11. Kt to Q 5 (b)	Kt takes Kt	31. R to Kt 2	P takes P
12. P takes Kt	B takes B	32. P takes P	P to B 3
13. Kt takes B	Q takes Kt	33. K to K 2 (f)	P to Q 4
14. Q R to K sq (ch)	K to B sq	34. P takes P (g)	P takes P
15. P takes B	P to K R 4	35. K to Q 2	P to Kt 4 (h)
16. P to K B 4 (c)	Q to B 3	36. P to B 5	K to K 4
17. Q to K 4	P to R 5	37. K to B 3	P to B 5
18. R to B 3	P to Kt 3		R takes P (ch)
19. P to B 3 (d)	K to Kt 2		And wins.
20. Q to K 7	K R to K sq (e)		

CHess CHAT.

PROBLEM composers are very useful members of the community. Certainly as regards the literature of the game they contribute more to the amusement of readers than players do. One problem generally produces more correspondence than fifty games. This result may, no doubt in a large measure, be accounted for by the different nature of the two articles—a published game seldom calls for comment, or requires anything to be proved respecting it; in other words, it does not demand any written notice from those who study it; whereas a problem is a direct challenge to certain persons to answer the question involved in it, and hence it happens that one editor may have the best column in the world as regards games, and yet may have very little correspondence compared with one who has more attractive problems. But though problems may have this advantage over games so far as correspondence is concerned, that they may possibly interest a large number of chess votaries, among whom, I for one, feel deeply obliged to many composers for the pleasant hours they have afforded me, yet there is a matter in connection with this department of chess, upon which I feel it my duty to comment, with a view to the correction of an abuse. Amongst a host of composers whom I have had the pleasure of meeting, I have found many who would insist not merely upon my looking at their compositions, but upon my examining and trying to “cook” them at once, however I might be disinclined. Often when I have been engaged in reading some subject in which I was specially interested, up to me has come a lugubrious bore of this kind, and pressed me to look at the prettiest problem he has ever composed. Being unfortunately gifted with an impotence of negation, I have at times yielded myself up as a victim to my friends. But sometimes, I confess, their egotism has excited my wrath, and made me very crabbed. I at such times have experienced no little pleasure if I succeeded in discovering a flaw in the problem, and then taking my departure to some distant part of the room. But thither after a time has my tormentor generally followed me to inform me either that I was quite wrong as to my supposed flaw, or that he had amended

it. An excellent mode of silencing such a bore was adopted by a distinguished French player—M. De Riviere—as set forth in a story which I once heard the late Mr. Staunton relate. About twenty-five years ago there was to be a great meeting of chess-players at the beautiful midland town of L—, and to it were invited several English and foreign celebrities. In those days, foreigners, strange to say, did not wax indignant at Englishmen being invited to English meetings the expenses of which were borne by Englishmen. I may remark, in passing, that a few years ago a tournament was to be held in a Scotch town, at which two well-known foreigners were engaged to give an exhibition of their skill, for which they were to be handsomely remunerated; but they having heard that certain English players had also been invited, actually addressed a remonstrance to the committee of management, on the ground that these invitations were an insult to them.

Well, to resume my story. A few days before the meeting at L—, Signor F—, a problem composer, arrived from Italy, and was hospitably entertained by the late Mr. Staunton, whom he pestered all through the evening with his “beautiful problems”—so much so that his host registered a vow never again to invite a problem composer to his house unless he had provided some good-natured fellow to be his victim on the occasion. Next morning, as Mr. Staunton and M. de Riviere, the French champion, were on the platform of the Great Western Railway station, preparing to start for L—, Staunton, to his horror, perceived his guest of the previous evening, who immediately came up to him and announced his desire to travel in his company. “What are we to do?” said Staunton to De Riviere. “He will bore us all the way down with his problems.” “Ah, is that the kind of man he is?” said De Riviere. “Leave him then to me; I will manage him.” The train started, and shortly afterwards came the Italian’s chess-board and up went the pieces. “Here,” said he, “Mr. Staunton, is a very fine position. It is my last problem.” “Indeed, allow me to introduce you to M. de Riviere.” “Oh,” said the latter, “you are fond of problems; do you like difficult ones?” “Yes; I solve them all easily—quickly.” “Allow me then to show you a lovely thing which has puzzled some of the dons.” “Delighted.” The problem was put up, and M. de Riviere whispered to Staunton, “Now I have put a pebble on his nose.” The composer tackled it, whilst De Riviere thus explained to Staunton the meaning of his mystic phrase:—“At my father’s country seat there were peacocks, and some of them at times would scream horribly, and then we used to put pebbles on their noses, and instantly they became silent. I have put a pebble on his nose.” Pleasantly passed the time for Staunton and De Riviere, who were both excellent conversationalists, but not so for the composer. Every few minutes he altered his position as he pored continuously over the board; evidently he was in trouble. After a time he muttered, “It is difficult—very difficult.” At last he lapsed into profound silence, and so continued for two hours. Occasionally Staunton glanced at him, and then chucklingly looked at De Riviere, who responded by whispering his famous formula, “The pebble is on his nose.” In due time they reached L—, and all repaired to the same hotel. Shortly afterward Staunton and De Riviere, having performed their ablutions, entered the coffee-room. There sat poor F— the board still before him. Seeing his travelling companions, he arose and exclaimed, “Oh, M. de Riviere, this problem will drive me mad. I never did see such a difficult one.” Then, with hands clasped tightly before him, he strode rapidly up and down the room, to the infinite surprise and amusement of several spectators. Suddenly he stopped, and rushing wildly to the board, glared at it, and then in a voice that would have touched the tenderest chords of the human heart, cried out, “It has made me mad. I give it up.” Then he sank upon a sofa, and cried like a child. Upon this De Riviere approached the board, and scarcely had he glanced over it, when he started back, and with uplifted hand, shrugging his shoulders, and swaying his body to and fro, he threw himself upon his knees before the Italian, and exclaimed, “Oh, Signor, Signor, how shall I ever forgive myself. No wonder you could not solve it. I—I—omitted to put a pawn on the rook’s seventh!” Then was the Signor almost frantic with delight at the thought that his failure was not owing to any mental incapacity on his part, and thus he delivered himself: “M. de Riviere, thank you, thank you; then it was the problem that was wrong, and not I that failed.”

MAES.

VETERINARIAN.

No. 4.—HYGIENE (CONTINUED).

Stall Flooring.—It has occurred to us that a few words on the carrying out of stall drainage will be acceptable. We before said that the stall floor should be perfectly level in all its directions, and on no account slope from before backwards in the least. The drainage of such a floor is simple in principle. Either for mare or horse the floor need have no gutter in its foremost half, so that the hindmost half only need be considered. Of this half, again, its sides for a foot or more either way need have no gutter, so that all the guttering requirements are satisfied by a main gutter, having a thorough fall, extending from the centre of the stall and running straight backwards to the hind gutter. The remaining gutters ought to branch off from this at right angles to the extent we have named. What could be more simple? Why torment a horse by placing him on an incline to weary his legs? Indeed, in practice, even this area can be further curtailed for either sex, because the space upon which the hind feet rest is seldom soiled, so that no gutter is needed. This reduces the drainage to almost perfect simplicity.

Loose Boxes.—These are very necessary in every establishment in cases of illness, or when a horse is doing severe work, and has to seek repose during the daytime. To fulfil all conditions they should be large in their floor area, and quite isolated. Except in a few rare instances of phlegmatic, passive, or mule-like tempers the small loose boxes we see placed within the

stable are of no use whatever as loose boxes. They are at best only loose stalls, in which a horse can turn himself and keep up a little excitement by watching the other occupants of the stable. If he be either sick or very tired, he wants neither companionship nor excitement. In truth, the *raison d’être* of these loose stalls lies in this: horsemen like to see their favourites in as many attitudes as possible, and a restless, inquisitive horse turning this way and that varies the scene of the three or four stall hunting stable. In speaking of the loose box, then, we refer only to the isolated, roomy, loose box. This ought if possible to be so isolated that it has only its own air and its own noise, so to speak. The area of the floor should be at least 150 square feet; namely, 15 by 10, or any two measurements approaching these. The very term *loose* implies freedom to move, and no horse can feel at liberty and at ease without *free movement*, which we must distinguish from *free chafing*, which we see in the case of the caged bear or hyena. In the case of a horse having filled legs, free chafing is better than no movement at all, and perhaps in case of fidgets by standing for a long time idle in a stall; but under any other circumstances this is not enough.

We now pass on to another division of our subject, namely:—

FOOD AND FEEDING.

Food consists of whatever substances are required to supply the loss sustained by the animal body, so that when we speak of “food and water” we talk nonsense, because water is food. We are too much also inclined to regard the food of the horse as consisting of hay and corn, with an occasional bran mash. By so doing we do material injustice to a class which can appreciate almost to a man, or rather to a horse, well mixed flavours. Horses are very particular regarding the substances they eat, and have a very critical sentinel in the form of two keen nostrils at the entrance of their mouths, which most efficiently keeps out suspected material. Although horses are by nature—as indicated by their teeth—altogether herbivorous, they take kindly to a far more mixed diet than many of their owners are aware of. They are so far carnivorous as to be fond of milk, raw eggs, well made beef tea, and so forth. Alcoholic drinks they soon take kindly to. So that, we repeat, a most signal injustice is done them in health, and an injustice which is often fatal, is done them in sickness by the limited notion prevailing as to the variety of food substances suitable for horses. It is almost as easy to say what is not suitable diet for the horse as to say what is suitable. Of the sixty-four elementary substances composing the universe no less than seventeen enter into the composition of the horse’s body. So that the food he eats *must* contain all these; or, in other words, the horse must eat phosphorus, iron, &c., in some article of diet in order to live. At a future time, when we write upon nursing the horse in sickness, we shall have occasion to enumerate and discuss extraordinary articles of equine diet. Now we confine our remarks to ordinary diet which health demands.

Water.—This is the most important article of diet for many reasons. It enters largely into the composition of the body, two-thirds of which is water. If the tissues of the body get an inadequate supply, every morsel of the animal combines and produces an impression called thirst, referable to the throat. The body loses water in the ordinary way and by the breath, perspiration, and so forth. To supply all the loss, great quantities have of necessity to be swallowed, and have to be got past the digestive organs into the system without damaging these organs. This makes the subject of “watering” an important one, and much has been said and written upon it. Like most other subjects, it is easy to comprehend when properly thought out. What does the horse require of water? He, like ourselves, requires a *larger* quantity to keep his whole tissues well saturated, and a *smaller* quantity to moisten his food in the digestive process. Here, then, lies the whole secret: we have to supply a large quantity of water in the twenty-four hours to the whole system, and a small quantity during meals to moisten the food. This latter, after serving the mechanical purpose of food wetting, likewise gets absorbed by the general system. The difficulty lies, as we have said, in getting the system watered. This difficulty vanishes if we bear in mind that the water for the system after getting into the stomach percolates direct *through the walls* of the stomach, and that a very large quantity gets into the system in a few minutes. To ensure this we require an otherwise empty stomach, and as solid food takes from two to four hours to leave the stomach, it follows that water for the system must be given some time during the last hour before the regular meal is taken. When we do this we have a clear course, and the stomach is left free for its other duties in ten minutes or so. This is as it should be. Now let us see when water ought not to be taken. It ought not to be taken in any but small quantities with solid food, because it dilutes the gastric juice—the juice which is thrown out by the stomach to mix with and dissolve the solid food—and so destroys the active dissolving power of this juice. Then, again, if taken largely at this time it distends the organ and prevents its walls compressing and kneading the food, and so pains it (colic). And lastly, it is liable to wash the food out of the stomach before it has had time to get properly dissolved. The horse, then, should be watered every time well *before* being fed, not less than ten minutes. Now for the second use of water—food moistening. It is evident that the quantity of water required will entirely depend on the nature of the food taken—whether it be dry or succulent food. Some food, green clover for example, are so charged with water itself that the horse requires hardly any other water when largely fed on them. Hay and oats, on the contrary, are dry, and require water adding to them by two or three go-downs at the end of the meal; but never more than three go-downs. When the system has been well watered immediately before a dry meal, it supplies the water to moisten the food, if need be, but it causes a less strain on the digestive powers when we supply the water direct. In this matter it is always safer to err on the side of dryness than giving more than is barely required for wetting the food.

(To be continued.)

TWELFTH EDITION NOW READY.

“SHAMMING SICK,” and “WHO SAID RATS?”

These favourite engravings have been re-printed, for the Twelfth time, on large fine plate paper for Framing.

PRICE 1s. THE PAIR.

Or, Securely packed,

POST FREE THIRTEEN STAMPS,

and may be had of the Publisher,

148, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.,

Or by Order through any Bookseller or Newsagent in the Kingdom.

CROSSE & BLACKWELL'S  
MALT VINEGAR,

PURE PICKLES, SAUCES, POTTED MEATS AND FISH,  
PREPARED SOUPS, CALVES' FEET JELLY,

JAMS, AND ORANGE MARMALADE

ALWAYS BEAR THEIR NAMES AND ADDRESS ON THE LABELS,

And may be obtained of Grocers & Italian Warehousemen throughout the World.

CROSSE & BLACKWELL

Were Awarded Two Gold Medals at the Paris Exhibition, 1878.



**SPIERS & POND'S**  
**GAIETY RESTAURANT,**  
 STRAND.  
 TABLE D'HOTE 3s. 6d., from 5.30 till 8 p.m.  
 SUPPERS IN THE GRILL ROOM TILL MIDNIGHT.

**SPIERS & POND'S**  
**CRITERION** (Regent Circus, Piccadilly).  
 TABLE D'HOTE, 3s. 6d., LE DINER PARISIEN, 5s., from 5.30 till 8 p.m.  
 ALSO ON SUNDAYS.

**THE NEW DIAMONDS!! "DIAMANTE" BRILLIANTS**



Have created an extraordinary sensation in Paris, and are rapidly and deservedly superseding real diamonds. Their cost is about 1-300th less. These magnificent Stones first attracted notice at the Paris Exhibition last year, where they were exposed side by side with real diamonds of great value, and they are now introduced into England for the first time. They are absolutely identical in size, brilliancy, lustre, and durability with real diamonds of the first water, and defy detection even by jewellers and experts. They are immeasurably superior to real diamonds of second rate quality. THE MANUFACTURER GUARANTEES THE SURPRISE AND PLEASURE OF PURCHASERS. These brilliants can be worn in the strongest daylight, which is practically the real test of perfection, and the most sceptical will be utterly deceived. They can be mounted side by side with real diamonds of the first quality, and will be found undistinguishable therefrom. They are worn at the Court Balls, and upon all occasions in Paris and St. Petersburg. The prohibitive prices charged in England for real diamonds render their acquisition impossible to the middle classes, and the imitation diamonds hitherto sold are worthless, the imposture being manifest to the most careless observer. The DIAMANTE BRILLIANTS can, on the contrary, be worn with absolute and entire confidence at all times and for a lifetime, and, as we have said above, defy the closest scrutiny. Purchasers invariably repeat their purchases. The investigations and labour of two generations have been expended in bringing these remarkable jewels to their present state of perfection.

PRICES OF UNMOUNTED STONES:—  
 £300 size, 20 shillings.  
 200 " 15 "  
 100 " 10 "  
 50 " 6 "  
 20 " 4 "  
 Smaller stones at a uniform price of four shillings. These diamonds cannot be obtained elsewhere at any price. They were awarded a Prize Medal at the Paris Exhibition, 1878.

These diamonds can be supplied ready mounted, in 18-carat Gold or in Silver-gilt. Designs and Estimates for Mounting submitted to purchasers of the diamonds Free of Charge. The diamonds will be forwarded packed in a box, registered by post, the same day, upon receipt of order and remittance. Remittances may be made by cheques, post-office orders, postage stamps, or Cheque Bank cheques, direct to Messrs. WALTER THORNHILL & Co., Silversmiths and Dressing Case Makers to Her Majesty the Queen, T.R.H. the Prince and Princess of Wales, and all the Royal Family, 144, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, who have been appointed Sole Agents in England. P. O. Orders payable in London. Cheques crossed Sir S. Scott, Bart. & Co. Established 1734.

**ROWLAND WARD & CO.,**  
 NATURALISTS,  
 166, PICCADILLY. (FACING BOND STREET.)

**CAUTION.**—Our Mr. ROWLAND WARD is the only Member of the long unrivalled and experienced WARD Family now left in the trade. Mr. HENRY WARD, of Vere-street (Senior Member of the Family), having recently died, and Mr. EDWIN WARD, of Wigmore-street, having lately retired. The advantages of the long experience, study and skill, of this Family, can now only be obtained from the remaining Member, at our new Galleries, 166, Piccadilly. ROWLAND WARD & CO., Naturalists, &c., 166, Piccadilly.

**THE SKIN AND COMPLEXION.**



The Senior Surgeon at St. John's Hospital for the Skin,  
**Mr. JOHN MILTON,**  
 writes in his important work on "The Hygiene of the Skin" (published by Messrs. Chatto and Windus, Piccadilly):—"After fifteen years' careful trial in many hundreds of cases, both in hospital and private practice, I have no hesitation in giving my verdict to the effect that nothing has proved so beneficial to the Skin as

**PEARS' TRANSPARENT SOAP.**

I have excellent reason to think it is the best, because it is the purest Soap that is made, an opinion not only attested by the late  
**Mr. STARTIN,**  
 by Professor ERASMUS WILSON,  
 and  
 by Dr. TILBURY FOX,  
 but vouched for by the strictness of Chemical Analysis. So effectually has the process of purification been carried out, that this Soap may be used even to a surface abraded by Eczema."  
 PEAR'S SOAP IS SOLD EVERYWHERE.  
 Proprietors, A. & F. PEAR'S,  
 By Appointment Soap Makers to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales,  
 91, GREAT RUSSELL STREET,  
 LONDON, W.C.

**WESTWARD HO!**  
**SMOKING MIXTURE**  
 A CHOICE TOBACCO.  
 "When all things were made, none was made better than Tobacco; to be a lone man's Companion, a bachelor's Friend, a hungry man's Food, a sad man's Cordial, a wakeful man's Sleep, and a chilly man's Fire. There's no Herb like it under the canopy of Heaven."—Kingsley's Westward Ho!  
 In 1 oz., 2 oz. and 4 oz. packets, lined with tinfoil.  
**W.D. & H.O. WILLS**

**MAPEL & CO.**  
 FIRST-CLASS FURNITURE.

**MANUFACTURERS of ARTISTIC FURNITURE.**  
**MANUFACTURERS of SUPERIOR FURNITURE.**  
**MANUFACTURERS of BED-ROOM SUITES.**  
**MANUFACTURERS of BEDDING.**  
**THE LARGEST STOCK OF ORIENTAL CARPETS in EUROPE.**  
**MAPEL & CO. IMPORTERS, TURKEY CARPETS, INDIAN CARPETS, PERSIAN CARPETS.**

**MAPEL & CO. the largest and most convenient FURNISHING ESTABLISHMENT in the world.** A house of any magnitude furnished from stock in three days. Purchasers should inspect this stock before deciding elsewhere. All goods marked in plain figures. Established 38 years.

**BED-ROOM SUITES, in Pine, 6½ guineas.**  
**BED-ROOM SUITES, Enamelled, 10 guineas.**  
**BED-ROOM SUITES, in Solid Ash, with plate-glass door to wardrobe, 20 guineas.**  
**BED-ROOM SUITES, in Solid WALNUT in the early English style, with plate-glass wardrobe, 24 guineas.**

**MAPEL & CO. — BED-ROOM SUITES in EARLY ENGLISH, carried out to design by the best artists of the day.** Some new and most elegant suites designed by gentlemen especially engaged by Messrs. Maple. These suites, which are a speciality with this firm, should be seen. Machinery, &c., has been erected so as to produce this class of furniture at the lowest possible cost.

**OAK PARQUET FLOORING.**  
**OAK PARQUET FLOORING.**  
**OAK PARQUET FLOORING.**

**MAPEL and Co. beg to state that** having just fixed NEW and IMPROVED MACHINERY, they are now enabled to supply both thick and thin FLOORING at a much lower price than ever before offered. Architects are solicited to inspect the New Patterns.

**MAPEL and Co., 145, 148, Tottenham-court-road, Manufacturers of Parquet Flooring by Steam Power.**  
**A free ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE in the World.**  
**145, TOTTENHAM-COURT-ROAD, LONDON.**

**DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA.**



The Medical Profession for over Forty Years have approved of this pure solution as the best remedy for **ACIDITY of the STOMACH, HEART-BURN, HEADACHE, GOUT, and INDIGESTION,**

and as the safest Aperient for Delicate Constitutions Ladies, Children and Infants.  
**DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA.**

**MOORE & HUNTON**

Invite inspection of their Stock of  
 Bed Room Furniture,  
 Dining Room Furniture,  
 Drawing Room Furniture,  
 MADE IN

VARIOUS WOODS, STYLES, AND QUALITIES, ARRANGED IN COMPLETE SUITES.

A Special Discount for prompt Cash.

THE SHOW ROOMS AND WAREHOUSES COVER A SPACE OF THREE-QUARTERS OF AN ACRE.

A New Illustrated Catalogue in Three Separate Books sent post free.

107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, Paul-st., AND 53, 55, 59, Worship-st., Finsbury-sq., LONDON.

**ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL**

Prevents the Hair falling off or turning grey, strengthens weak hair, cleanses it from scurf and dandruff, and renders it soft, pliable, and glossy.

**ROWLAND'S ODONTO**

Whitens the Teeth, prevents and arrests decay, strengthens the gums, and gives a pleasing fragrance to the breath. Ask any chemist, perfumer, or hair-dresser for ROWLAND'S articles.

**FOR VARICOSE VEINS AND WEAKNESS, Surgical Elastic Stockings & Knee Caps.**

Pervious, light in texture, and inexpensive. Instructions for measurement and prices on application, and the articles sent by post from the Manufacturers.

**POPE & PLANTE,**  
 4, WATERLOO PLACE, Pall Mall, LONDON.  
 The Profession, Trade, and Hospitals supplied.

**FER BRAVAIS.**  
 Used in every Hospital. (BRAVAIS' DIALYSED IRON.) Recommended by all Physicians.  
**FOR ANÆMIA, CHLOROSIS, DEBILITY, EXHAUSTION, &c.**  
**FER BRAVAIS** (liquid iron in concentrated drops) is the only one entirely free from acid; it is without smell, tasteless, and produces neither constipation, diarrhoea, inflammation, nor fatigue in the stomach; it is besides the only iron that NEVER BLACKENS THE TEETH.  
 IT IS THE CHEAPEST OF ALL FERRUGINOUS COMPOUNDS, AS A BOTTLE OF IT LASTS A MONTH.  
 General Depot in Paris, 13, RUE LAFAYETTE (near the Opera),  
 Beware of dangerous imitations, and see that the accompanying trade mark is on every bottle, which can be had of all Chemists in the United Kingdom.

An interesting pamphlet on "Anæmia and its Treatment" sent free on demand (post paid), 8, Idol-lane, E.C. R. BRAVAIS & CO. (Depôt and Agency, "Fer Bravais"); and at BARCLAY & SONS, Farringdon-street, ROBERTS & CO, New Bond-street, and JOZEAU'S Haymarket.

**WHEEL OF FORTUNE, 15s.; SIR BEVYS, 15s.**

Size 36 by 24. Very finely coloured, with Jockeys up. Ten Celebrated Winners, including the above, £5.



**GEO. REES,**  
 115 & 116, Strand.

Wholesale Depot,  
 41, 42, 43, RUSSELL ST., COVENT GARDEN.  
 WATERLOO CUP WINNERS.



**MISTERTON, COOMASSIE, DONALD, HONEYMOON, MASTER McGRATH,**  
 7s. 6d. each, or set of five for 15s.

**KINAHAN'S LL WHISKY.**

Gold Medal Paris Exhibition, 1878.  
 PURE, MILD and MELLOW.  
 DELICIOUS and MOST WHOLESOME.  
 THE CREAM OF OLD IRISH WHISKIES.  
 Dr. HASSALL says:—"Soft and Mellow, Pure, well Matured, and of very Excellent Quality."

The Gold Medal Dublin Exhibition, 1865.  
 20, GREAT TITCHFIELD STREET, LONDON, W.

**BIARRITZ. GRAND HOTEL.**

THIS Magnificent Establishment, just opposite the Sea and Baths, finest situation in the town, recommends itself to Travellers for its great Comfort, excellent Cooking, and Moderate Charges.

The GRAND HOTEL is open all the year round. During the Winter Months the prices will be (for Board and Lodging inclusive) from 10 to 14 francs per day, according to floors occupied. Nothing will be neglected to secure visitors every possible comfort.

**ABERDEEN GRANITE MONUMENTS,** from £5. Carriage free. Inscriptions accurate and beautiful. Iron Railings and Tomb Furnishings fitted complete. Plans and Prices from JOHN W. LEGG, Sculptor, Aberdeen.

**JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS.**

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

**FINDLATER'S WHISKIES.**

"BEST OLD IRISH," AND "BEST ISLAY MALT,"  
 20s. per Gallon; 40s. per Dozen.  
 Are the produce of the old-fashioned POT STILL, softened and mellowed by age only.  
 33, Wellington Street, Covent Garden, 20, Sloane Street, Knightsbridge.



